January 1935

Saturday
Jan. 19th

The play came off last night, with the result that I am dog tramed this morning. I can only see this book as a hollow. It was said, unmistakably, to be a great success; & I began — let me see what? Ramsay Macdonald; Olivier, but not much Auchinleck, or the standing about jumping up to Vivacities with David, Cory, Elizabeth Bowen: yet on the whole, this seemed to have an enthralled laughing evening effect in a way. Angelica ravishing as ever, but grown too grown up for my taste. That is, I rather dread Bloomsbury: a rather veiled Clemmy direction. The last hard fact of the Stephen girls: so Clemmy & large. But they will become women — in the case of — how the pleasures are has written & lectured to so many times run in the head. And Bobo by the way. Stephaired, slow & low, very handsome, & enabled me by saying I was always bubbling. Am I? But I carefully extracted that thorn, & put it on the mantelpiece. And Morgan said I was lovely. I mean the play. In the middle, old Jumbo delivered a stout envelope, with a photograph of her mother. Old Jumbo never went to America after all. And Raymond's play is clubroom, because Gielgud has made such a mean with Hamlet. There is something pleasing in the misfortunes of your friend: I wonder.

And there was Helen, & she said that Mayerg has all on her knees over again, about Roger: which makes me guess that she is doubtful about that biography. Roger's ghost knocked at the door — his portrait of Charles Sayle was delivered in the thick of the rehearsal. And Ka Francis would have enjoyed this, Leon and said. There are our ghosts now. But they would applaud the attempt. To bed: a sun, God bless my soul, as Leon; would say. I must rinse & freshen my mind, & make it work soberly on something hard: Hueffer my dante; & Renan. And the horrid winter day begins: the pale unbecoming days, like an aging woman seen at 11 o'clock. However. I shall go for a walk this afternoon: & that seems to me an enormous balance at the Bank. Odd happenings. I have an idea for a 'play' sometimes. Someone on a seat and voices thinking from the flowers.

23rd Jan. Yes. I ought to have explained why I wrote the Sickert. I always think of Mrs Cole. I am reading the Faery Queen — with delight. I shall write about it. I took Angelica shopping. "Do you mind if I read the Heir of Redclyffe?" she said at tea, and me the Heir of Redclyffe! What a curious sense of humour she has! Bugs her coat, mine, closer sense is! Bugs her coat, mine, hear the women talk, as I saa home, about new skirts.

NYPL

for shattered because) must lunch with Clive
tomorrow in my new coat. Trust) Cant think
exactly what) mean about conception: the idea
behind F.G. How to express a kind of natural
transition from state to state. And the air of
natural beauty. Yes, better to read the original.
Work. After lunch with Jump me out at Hin-
And now that the play is over, we must
begin to see people here: & go to Hamlet.
plan our spring journey. I am taking a
fortnight off fiction. My mind became blunted.
I think of making Theresa sing: & do lyrical
the argument. Set on for from T (so called
after my Sarah & Elvira & provincially)
But oh heaven the duck squashy – this is
from the pressed duck Jack once gave us.
all juice: one squash of juice. I am ready
Shaven Point Counterpoint. Not a good novel.
all raw, uncooked protesting. A declendant,
oddly enough, of Wm H Wood: interest in
ideas: make people into ideas. a
man from America return my letter –
says he is glad to see me as) am.
And again the money, Friday, I'm too tired to
go on with P. Why? Rather low mouthed,
Farrell. I Might Magh. I wanted (sorely)
a new Heler, Many, Gillet. Ann Tryst.
I Mother the P's however a pronoun work.
only never vigorous wanted. a day of today.

1st Feb:

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Saturday
Feb. 3rd

Poor old Ethel has been crushed flat by the Treasury
as an unpaid income tax. She says she must
accept a penny a week pay to outweigh her income
but she may have to sell Coze. Then at 76—
Ann to dinner last night: rather pale, rather
resolute & melancholy perhaps. Talked of
servants & Silena. She is going in for another
girl at Newnham, & had to vouch for
her character to the Mistress of Girton. Rather a
queer comment upon the independence &
family control. Hadn't even told her parents
about these formalities. Karin only seen
in bed for morning. Stream seldom. The
house full of lodgers & patients. Ann
found going it alone to get a meal.
An attractive girl: but unclouded; independent,
friend & stepchild; much brought up
by school mistress; contemptuous of games;
wishes to be a doctor, & live in Geneva.
Judith a great admirer of Hazlett. & writes
essay in secret. Wednesday all day.
walked to Chancery Lane in bitter rain
about my Nicholas. & am going to experiment
with an improved version of Longfellow.
I wrote in precis of Rebecca back to this I
Rebecca. & have had no answer.
Old became, & the talk at Charleston, when
they said how much pleasure such letters
gave. I expect I have (somehow) given pain.
But it no great matter. My conscience,
as they say, is clear. And now I must
write to Elizabeth Williamson, about Ethel.

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Notes:
Mrs W. says she had been "batty" suddenly
the night before. And one walking up
Regent Street what a divine day.
And then it went. She did not know
what caused it, where to describe it
2) the man in charge of the cactuses at
Kew. The unreality: homely becomes
Cactus. Perhaps: a hate of
Cactus. Man involved serpentine:
than Stolzfleuer is a matter of fact
he was a weathered & bloodless old man.
Gene Grey. intensely bored by living
with Cactuses.

Monday
5th Feb.

Why should I mind so much Rebecca not
answering letter? Vanity largely, I suppose.
I thought she would be glad to. Never mind.
She is a queer ill bred mind, with all the
qualities I lack + dear. Tom to tea
yesterday. An admirable way of describing
and how he suffers! Yes: I felt my
accused self sympathy rising.
seemed to have got to with Jay or
Calculation out by Tom. Tom —
& rather — argued. about the T. T.
Correspondence. Highly philosophical: a
war: suddenly T. broke with
at a personal cry of pity. about
immortality: what it meant to him —
I think it was that. at how he revealed his

NYPL

passion, as he seldom does. A religious and unhappy man: a lonely very sensitive man. all wrapt up in webs of self torture, doubt, conceit, desire for warmth & intimacy. And I'm very fond of him — like him in some ways very much. Loyalties Raymond & Jugo &c: & I don't wish forward but my spirits damped by Rebecca. A vast sorrow at the back of life this week. And then my blood rises & I create — gently walking by the lake in Regents Park. Days in Hayes. And I finished the difficult long chapter this morning.

After dressing Hodgkiss followed for some time, & said to Tom, do you ever buy a new book? Never he said. And I said, I remember buying Wuthering Heights. That's all — no thin accounts for the problem. It strikes me, why authors don't sell: why Hodgkiss don't stock &c &c.

Wednesday Feb. 9th

I open this book to record the fact, with all its psychological implications — the fact that Rebecca's touch has now worn off. It lasted about 4 days: for me a cold sore Hodgkiss feeling every morning & Every evening. It with new gradually fade out: & I shall dismiss her, & all that is implicit in that relation. What I should like very [illegible] had she did write to me. In the other hand, the touch & independence is even better than the touch of pleasure would be.

O vanagloria dell' umane posse,
Com' poco verde in su la cima dura,
Se non è giunta dall' etati grosse!

O simply glory of human powers! How
little the time it green endures upon the
top, if it be not overtaken by rude ages!
rude, a reputation does not survive the generation
in which it was built up, unless a gross &
unenlightened age happen to follow —

Non è il mondan romore altro che un fiato
di vento, che or vien quinci ed or
vien quindi,
e muta nome, perché muta lato.

Earthly fame is but a breath of wind,
which now cometh hence & now thence,
and changes name because it changes direction.

a thousand years are a shorter space to eternity
than the twinkling of an eye . . .

Purgatorio. Canto XI. (p. 132)

NYPL

A story Pope believed told: there is a woman who was jilted by a man for a shop girl. She now spends her life going to shops & makes the shop girls cry. This is a well known figure, & always does this. The Girls at Fortnums are always crying: so are the men, but not so often. They cry because the head of the department keeps something that hurts their feelings. They are very badly paid — £45 a week — men 3 or 4 — & it leads to nothing. But they are always eager to come.

Friday. 8th Feb: Brought to lunch yesterday: Mrs Delafield pumices me in the square: the Hobby type; fine with henna: & oh dear, how the ghosts of Roger haunted us: what a dumb missing life is for her: & Clark had been in: had not seen after & what Roger would have seen. An Extraordinary sense of him: & only for him: of vacancy. A letter from Macey, who is bringing documents, I want to see me next week. Excited about O.P. & no letter from Rebecca. My desk a failure.

NYPL

Monday. 12th Feb:

This should be the coldest day in the year, according to averages: it was a bitter week end & L. had a cold, & I had the divine good sense to regret staying till Monday: & Monday when we drove up at midday was the first day of spring. We lunched at Reigate & the manager attracted great attention; the week's mid-dle class women is bottomless: & the two men, who were talking about the mystery of razors, "I had a clean shave on Saturday... but this morning with the same razor ..." & then about the County Court. pardon, & the legal status of Kingswood, being Surbiton small solicitors, said Megget) are you, Sir, what that animal is?" Then we came home: then Robson came to tea, & let out a number of highly sensible remarks about the rents of houses. He has — incredible prophet may I am — actually, in 3 minutes, taken a perfect horror of Westbourne Terrace, as an absurdly low rent, & the house, being faced with stone, not stucco will be very cheap to repair: also the landlord is responsible for structural repairs: Willie is echoing "an addition to the family shortly". A marvellous feat: one tottering hair generation must be as long as an

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elephants. He retired to his room. Coleclap then
came back an hour late: & we had it out.
Lord what a drubbing you gave me in the
summer. I managed to threaten, after the
usual patter about dining last night
with somebody who had been dining
with Le George. Then her defences
crumbled: she flushed, sickened; so did
I. We sat on the floor by the way.
pulled down some white undergarment
which had become creased. She only
wears one undergarment, & you do.
belt, by the way. And she twittered
out how what had hurt her had been
my thinking, or remembering that her
dinner was merely a stiff dinner to
many celebrities to-night. She touched me
Noel adores me; I loved me him
from being as clever as a baggy ferret &
as timid as a perch & canaries.
And & love, rather liked her. And she
is so childishly ready to patter about her
own high love affairs, comparing
them to the worldly - for example
Cleveland & Lady Cholmondeley.
That I stubbed by saying I admired &
loved those who fill their waistcoats
with the pink breeches & the pleat
moved. So he had to trim &
hedge: & admit that parties are

NYPL

an ~~unimaginable~~ stimulus to the imagination; & that
her chief pleasure is to take handy stones, to make up
a life, a picture, as the bustle & flits. This
I think was intended to be in my manner -
a tribute to the imagination, artistic life:
for indeed what the Cant bear is to be
rated a hard worldly woman: as she is,
possibly: but then we are all cynics {egs,
as I was telling: a mix: when L. came in
& the political situation was again
to the fore. "I was in Manchester last week ...
a cotton manufacturer told me that now
Morley has no chance in the North ..
He has. I know for a fact, to that
down several branches. And he's
very hard up." So the went, we
Kissed in the hall.
This morning Mabel's brother in law
Just Shine, said, about my Studies
windows, "Here the force, the push, & the
fit" to the supineness times. He was to
show in his intellectual eminence — a
nice honest eyed fair toothed man, who
Thinks in the Latin word. & Cant get a
Job. So I will keep this phrase for
Mr. Duffer.

NYPL

Wednesday
Feb. 20th

a row with Clive which closed my dinner at the Reads. Lor! the misery of human life — our capacity for making ourselves miserable & stamping & biting like so many blue flies. Nora very reserved Charlotte this one; only roars my old inflamation — I mean, after all those other utter pessimist affairs, I always get the sense of those unhappy days. the wrote one this absurd pompous letter to Lord Lou, as Chairman of the F. C. tee: & Quoted Virginia Woolf mocking me to "strike a blow for freedom". And so bright young up — Mr Blunt came round, & I had to explain, & then to write a letter. which brings the blood to my head, & taken time; & sent me packed & throbbing up to that vast comfortless studio, where none of the charm of Bohemia mitigated the hard cham. the Hamby were, & the very nice female Conversation: Henry Moore, sculptor & his Russian wife, something like Cordelia Fisher in the old days to look at: but more sympathetic. Perfectable B^n. is a v. clever. Better have hybl or the real thing. But all went decorously. Steel cham, clear pale colours, hats; boring talk. Precaluty talk. Read downstairs: possibly his book — a big assistant. do this morning I can't write: only correct: a theft & Elsie Bowen to tea. Clive with Nessa & Ethel Walker. never mind.

NYPL

Thursday
21st Feb.

Sam is the real difficulty: I can't get him into the main stream, yet he is essential. A very difficult problem: this translation business. And the burden of something that may not call propaganda. I have a horror of the didactic novel: that must be avoided. But ideas are sticky things: won't coalesce: hold up the creature, mix colours sanely: that is I suppose. The weather the chief bore since I don't know how many times.

A good party last night with old Hugh. Hugh in Hollywood. What was interesting though, rather horrifying was his account of his own pain: an agony of pain in his arm. Like broken bones twittering incessantly. Agony agony agony. But realised there could be such pain. Then he burst into tears — ran up shouting. War conveyed across Cameron in an aeroplane. Saw "the sky" And then, just as the pain was coming on at Hambledon, at Harold Howe's, a panel was delivered: a bottle of a quack medicine called Cleans. And he took a dose, & slept: & next day he was better. And has had no pain since. But what was shocking was to see him an old man. All the buoyancy & taut pink skin gone. Yet difficult to say why one feels this. Something dumb & shuttered in him. Can't in young eyes. I liked him. And I liked his capacity for miraculous rebirth. Six months at Hollywood has

NYPL

completely changed him. When we said something about upper class, he laughed. Class have been worked out. He has seen through everything. Given up the Book of the Month: no longer frets about fame & reviews; is taking to the quadrivium art — the complex & amazing art of colour, music, word & word altogether. Mary came: Elizabeth Bowen, & Julian, who as usual annoyed me by clamouring my "brutality". What an uncomfortable relation, aunt & nephew. And how rich he is, & how obtuse. But he was a flourishing kind of evening: better than the Read. I rather mean to write to Hugh. Lea with Nena & Rd has rented Ethel Walker in her large suit & red tie. We are to go to a dinner given to her. She told some instalments of her history: some repetitions. Was the daughter of a hard bullying clever man. Damn you, you little brute, he said to her. And the Cab horse ran away & climbed a very steep hill, while she clasped her mother, a very stout woman, & screaming "make it worse!" A telling explanation & confirmation from Clive. No satire intended. To be it.

NYPL

Sunday 26th Feb.

A very fine rhythmic day, my windows completely filled with blue for a wonder. Mrs Riley has just mended them. And I have been working & writing, & re-writing the scene by the Round Pond. What I want to do is to reduce it all to that each sentence shall perfectly natural dialogue has a great pressure of meaning behind it. And the most careful harmony & contrast of scene – the boats colliding &c – has also to be arranged. Hence the extreme difficulty. But I hope perhaps tomorrow to have done. & then the dinner party – Kelly in the country. Moved to go quicker. At least I find the upper air scenes much simpler. I think it right to keep them so. But Lord what a lot of work there is to do! It won't be done before August. And here I am played by the sudden wish to write an Anti-fascist pamphlet. & I, after smoking over my cigarette making last night (I'm refraining altogether) without difficulty today) had a long discussion about all the things I might put in my pamphlet. It was extremely reasonable, & adorable, & how me I should have to take account of the economic question. His specialised knowledge is as close as immense. Jan, V could see it & stand away: I mean in all ways, to the person's own Edge that counts.

Covg to tea.

NYPL

Feb. 27th

And I've just written it all over again. But it must do this time, I say to myself. Yet I know that I must put the screw on & write some pages again. Its two years: two & thirteen that one person & another: & that one has to draw them together who was who & who said. Maybe the unconscious one comes to the conscious, & then again to the unconscious? I rather think it was Mrs Swanwick about children drawing last night at tea. I rather wish she wanted to be an artist. Stephen she knew better & another when he was married, & told us a very discreditable story about him. Hence I infer his extreme fawning & flattery when we met, & my vague discomfort. A pouring wet day, after yesterday sun; & was walking with arms the Park to Hanover: & nobody has written to me, & I'm neglected, & I'm as safe as a sandbag; & as dead as one too in a dark hole; & my window won't shut. Hence the draught.

I now feel a strong desire to stop reading F. G: to read Cicero's letters, & the Chateaubriand memoirs. Strange how we, this is the natural swing of the pendulum. To particulars, after the generalising Romantic poetry.

NYPL

14 March.

Friday March: fine & spring. Another blue day; & we're off to Walton on Thames. No I must cut short my Diary. Dear me. Last night's party — Ann & Richard L. D. — that was to have been so Darling & easy, turned out rather a grind. Ann, how dear, in her thick shoes, headkit troubled to change them, or to brush her hair, mumbled over they (as I used to be, I suppose, at 19). Richard, who has never been to a public School, & therefore has no inversions & perversions, was free as a bird with a salmon on it. But then in came Janet (the maze & made) & a great fat thing named Hubbard lugged man, her husband: a Saxon, marvellous & dalled. No: not an easy party. How parties differ! L. & I did our old duet with a vengeance. But we were all on the wrong angle: Cousins, old friends, new: — no, I was not an easy Evening. Janet told the story of her Doctoral, became the Brit fellowship (?) decided that no woman can do research work. This led to a fruitful discussion — fruitful for my book I mean — of the difficult jealousy & the medical malvested interest: how it partly that they dislike competition: partly that they cling to the status quo. But) meet go & lunch at 12.30 for our Expedition.

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Monday
March 4th

It was a charming, if unexpected expedition too:
to Meudon: & we walked by the river & said
it was like a French picture. The grey trees,
the wire chimney, the bridge, the white
cupola, & a lion in marble - & finished
Punch & Punch the day before.

Yesterday I did not enjoy. What a struggle
it will have become. We struggled on
very tough jobs, till I could not eat them.
She is a greedy old woman; I don't like
greed when it comes to champing, champing
& sweeping up gravy. And she sits
& drinking. Then the concert. How long
how little music it is that I enjoyed!
Beecham [illegible] beaming, ecstatic, like a
yellow copper idol: such grimaces,
dancings, swayings: her [illegible] collar
crumpled. Old Hugh in the stalls. I
went down, & saw him tragic, sitting alone
like an old man. What is more tragic now
in his expression? Some loneliness, & pain:
He did not know me at once: then
pronounced as I came to read Ethel a
letter that very night. Oh no, said.
It's very slow" he said. And was
for a moment touched by my concern.
To bed to Ethel. In the artists room
afterwards. There was Zélie with the red
lips, & another Ex prima donna & a
dégoûté musician, all waiting then
turn to plague Beecham. Et toi —
Zélie suddenly burst into song: her it was

25 years ago that he had her name, since when ...
And they hunted & shrugged that poor old
Ethel was a well known imposition upon
Conductors. Out she came in her spotted cat's
fur with her hat awkew, carrying her brown
Cardboard dispatch box, upon which they —
the tight hard old Prima donna. Fell on her
& carded her with Praise. (They had
played the Weather overture) who are they
I said. Haven't an idea, she replied. So
we had tea at the Langham, which I don't
mind so much as meat & gravy. And
then I could stand that stab & a voice
Emphasizing. I don't know what. no longer;
& said I must go. It was a Sunday
Evening despite the Heat, an 1849 night.
as we padded very slowly to the Tube. &
thank God, she vanished. I was out of
temper. But L. miraculously enchanted me
again by persuading me not to have
Chateau Lafite from Carlisle. For some
reason this dragon has given me a
divine sense of immunity which
wraps me round this morning. I am
a toad in an oak again: replaced, at ease.
Completely happy. Nina. Julian came
round to us. For a wonder, after
dinner. And we talked about Rye &
Mayors & Watercress Love - Julian at his
best, weighty, reasonable & mature.
That being with Nina, I suppose.
I said how I tried to 'rattle' L. into
going to the Walker dinner.

NYPL

6th March

Wyvern great fun at Ethel's party last night. I wrapped myself up enormously, & wore a mackintosh (yes, I think so) with old Tonks, & obliterated Holmes, & the Charles Morgans want to dine, & all that — the difficulty is to combine the two: here & there. If I did much of that I should soon lose my hold on work. Well; yet, before dinner. I only wanted talk fancy other people. But that the difficulty: not to be rubbed smoothed, perked out into their last random fads. Could one manage both, then one would be a wonder — but that's my fault — too at the age of 53 I still struggle: & still, thank Heaven, feel the reach & the glory & the agony, & never get used to any of it. But I can't write this morning. An easy shabby party that. Nice Gurney made to dine alone, as we were late: I promoted to the high table. had my little compliment, which pleased me. what I liked was the absolutely & charmingly old Saw Bowen Tonks. for so I called him 30 years ago when he lunched at Gordon Square — was so more or less pictures. Now he was all kindness: & attractive, & respecting Bloomsbury & the distance between us, & Chelsea — Gurney & Steer — who was there in a Clergyman collar: almost bedebonair.

NYPL

curiously silent, like a log removed from the fire & stood on
end. Prof. Brown sleeping in his Chairman's seat:
Sherl sat lyhen, silent, mutterings when hoarse
voice, with her gnarled dirty fingers, & her
hair coming down: then Holmes: Abby
Could han been less lovmeduber. A
Great crowd, & the Morgans & Grey-
he a fatlish man with little pig eyes
Sunk: the nice respectable Lancent Dr Clapsal
ashamed of his successful man I imagined
I thought he had heard how When the Fountain
out the window: at any rate was a little
objections. Then his wife came up—
English dog eyed woman. brown Candid
Temple. How they would love to dine
alone, on a Friday, when Charles needn't go
a theatre. do I could stood my empty
room, Wwish. And then with the
Surly unhappy expressionless African
daintily in pink Evening dress to the Café
Royal, which lacks the old romance: but
I was glad to watch a sight-seer,
& to wonder about life there, for a
second. not many artists, all Stately
people who don't belong anywhere, Dainty
Jews. How I laughed at them, Duncan
made to dine alone, & let in with
the dessert. Never Duncan's fault for
being so late coming in. And he slept
during the drone of Browns & Glass
old reminiscences: he couldn't pick up a
so on. eyed Louis in his awful blue eyed
way — his gloves very transparent —

NYPL

kept interrupting and then Mrs MacCole, in her French accent called him to order. And the dinner was very bad.

Monday
11th March.

Now I should like, I thought, some time on the drive up this afternoon, to write a sentence again! How delightful to feel it form-ing curve under my fingers! - Since Oct. 16th I have not written one new sentence, but only copied & typed. & typed sentences somehow deaden; for one thing this forces out of what is already there: it does not spring fresh from the mind. But this copying must go on, I see, till August. I am only now in the first war scene: with luck I shall get to 5th in Oxford Street before we go in May - & then June - July on the Grand orchestral finale. Then in August I shall write again. It was the bellicest Sunday for 22 years: we went down, (there was a tube strike between us, - to whom I saw the snow falling & I said, what about putting it off? At this L. was I thought unduly annoyed: so that we went — but Lord what a quarrel most old married couples would have made of it: & it turned to a candid joke before we were half angry). Then on Monday we went to Sevenoaks: in the

better weed with the country all lying in its June
Green & blue outside the window. Now
that's an odd observation. I have to make.
My friendship with Vita is over. Not with a
quarrel not such a bang, but as
the first falls. No I must be coming
to London before I do to peace, the said.
And then I got into the car. But her
voice rang "Virginia?" outside the
tower room was as enchanting as ever.
And then nothing happened. And she has
grown my fat, very much the indolent
county lady, ran to seed, interests now
about books: has written no poetry; only
kindles about dogs. Flowers, & new
building. It is to have a new wing;
a new garden; a new wall. Look:
it is like cutting off a picture: there the
lamps, in the fish mongers at seven o'clock,
all pink & grey & pearly: & that's an
end of it. And there is no bitterness. -
no bitterness. only a certain emptiness.
In fact - if my hand weren't so cold -
I could here analyse my state of mind
these past 4 months. & account for the
human emptiness by the defection of
Vita; Roger's death; & no one springing up
to take their place; or a certain

NYPL

general slackening of letters & fame, owing to my
working nothing: so that I have more time on
my hands, & actually ask people to come here
now & again. (but the week fills unbidden
mostly) On the other hand. I have been
been less harassed; & have enjoyed reading
again, now, I think than in 2 or 3 years
past. I have read myself to a standstill
in the F.Q. & shall not pass the mood
till it returns naturally: I am reading
Chateaubriand: & to my very kind friend
can read an Italian novel for pleasure,
currently, rarely. Yes. This is all very
peaceful & profound, & I like it. But
again I am harassed by the thought that
meanwhile now I take to abroad again—
there off in a week or two to Italy;
& — what else? No, on the whole,
I see for a desire to break [illegible] of this
'habit'; I am content to let things alone.
I have been to a great many pictures shows
lately too: to the Nat Gall: to a
shall a new picture which I should
like to develop among my admirations.
The truth is, ideas for other books are
beginning to rise under the skin of
Tarquiten.
Every breath in the snowstorm from Eden: the
snow was like long ribbons of paper:
whirling, waving, softly entangled in front of the car.

NYPL

Sat 3
16th March

I have had 3 severe swingeing blue Cables:
Wyndham Lewis: Newsky: & now Summerton.
Bloomsbury is ridiculed: — I am determined with it.
I dont read WL: & Summerton only
attacked me as robin attacks a rhinoceros —
Exact in the depths of the night. How
resolved I am: & how talkative now: & how
little I mind, & how much: & how good my
word is: & how tired I am this morning: &
how I like prawns: & how full & clear I am:
& Tom & Stephen came to tea. & Ray & Morgan
& Jane: & I forgot to describe my interesting
talk with Nessa about my children & her
Children: & I dessert — I forget what.
My head is numb today. I can scarcely
read Robert Bruce, let alone
Dante. Why did Herne mann send me
Stein? to hurt me! And that does
hurt 2 records. And Rebecca
West did answer yesterday, & Ngaio
Yours ever, & had been ill. & no
secretary, so that done with. And
it's a warm day. & I must remind L
that we might have gone to Richmond
Where shall we go? How happy
I am. Tom is writing a play about
Thomas Becket to be acted in C'ty
Cathedral. Asks us to tea — very
gay & honest & kind to Stephen. Jean
he wrote the Lustrous of W.L. in a
trance — uncontrollably. Loved her

NYPL

he could not like poetry that had no meaning for the
ear. Read lacking in sensuality. Poor Stephen
so hurt by reviews in Vienna that he told
Tom to withdraw it. Tom advises him to
abstain from poetry for a time. Hitchen
generously praised Day Lewis. Storm
heaven, ten self-confident. And that's all
I can twitter (Shuttleworth word for me —
but then he admires Mary Webb) this
morning. Mrs Brighton forward
In Last-week Time & 2nd St John Ervine
Called Lytton "that versile minded man ....
Char Pandar" a words to that effect.
I'm thinking whether I'll write about Roger,
I shall include a note, a sarcastic note, on
the Bloomsbury bailiffs - No, I'll throw it.
Write them down - that's the only way.

18th Monday. The only thing I work done in this book is to
stick it out: stick to the idea, & don't
lower it an inch, in deference to agent.
What we did is the war: the whole
thing dissolves in comedy: & then comes
back with a rush: a Shakespearian
sheen. Mentis - making me feel
that I'm hated, despised &
ridiculed - well, then is the only
answer: to stick to my ideas.
And I work: I need never read about
myself, or think about myself, & then
till it's done: but look firmly at my

NYPL

object & thinks only of expressing it. Oh what a proud & unbridgeable gulf there is between ideas & having perfectly & before my mind, opened & interrupted again by the hearing reaction to the blank of the other mind. Will & intellect so much, how easy should be to do. Having just written a letter about Bloomsday I cannot control my mind enough to do any work like PS. I woke in the night & thought of it. But whether to send it or not, I don't know. But now I must think of something else. Julian & Helen last night. Helen much improved in her tone. More calm, more sympathetic. We talked – I forget – early enough, about Ha. Helen anti Ha, naturally. And Julian was touchy but amiable. A hot spring day. Desmond rang up. asking us to dine. & advised me not to read the letter. And after a second I see he is right. Will better he says to let them alone & they will not answer. But we suggest a Comic parade to Bloomsday by Maga & the nibbler.

21st Mar

Was jaded again to tackle that very difficult music too
Crowded rare chaplin- In last I am on the verge
of the usual headache – for me they yesterday
was such a scramble – I walked so many
miles, talked so much difficult political
French with a man called Malvery up at
Hampstead; having first gone to Q's;
private view: the usual mixing a demeanour:
smart young men; Lilla Robertson whom I
met at the Fishers: Clive in his blue
suit; Bessie in her tight black: & then the
Courtaud with Nina about her rare art – an
usual: am I too critical? why this difficulty
in praising? Bought nothing: couldn't
think: walked in the hot sun through the
Park to W.t Lodge Rd, up to
Hampstead; stood all the way: Crowded
dinner: M– the fluent ideological
foreigner: Stephen Spender, Read – other
unknowns: called to a kind of menagerie
amongst rag tag: behind: so he's a
Conference, or artist, a Jew– Paris is
Jew – oh I've tried to note even
the: so how can I tackle fiche?
Rhadwick tomorrow – thank goodness.

NYPL

I have resolved to leave that blasted Chapter here, & do nothing at it to-night. Yet, as I say, I cannot read; my mind is all tight like a ball of string. A most unpleasant variety of headache: but I think, soon over. Only a little change needed. Other real bad headache. Why make this note? Reason is beyond me. Writing is like humming a song. But what a worthless song! And this the spring. Ethel last night — dear old woman, so wise in her way: but her voice is like a needle stabbing skull. And so I got more tight wound than ever. But still I felt. She is sheroon & ample — a note to make for her portrait.

Monday 25th March.

Last night at dinner, talk about my Chippy & Chopper with Clive oddly inattentive, & a sense of uneasiness, & a great desire to Roger. Again the sense that coming in with his great dark eyes, & his lit pipe & his brown shoes & how, thereby what they clap voice he would have declared Mrs Eartman. Ebenezer. We only thick the inlaw — some means of communication — some other instrument needed to combine us all in harmony. Storm that would have amend him. How he and Ian laughed at Nessa's story of the party at Lady Harris's when they had the

NYPL

Carlin Sides of the topic. And ah would have been deepened, & made suggestive. Whatever mind. This is inevitable, & we must blow on the bellows. So I tried to be nice about Quentin: And this morning, in spite of being in a rage, I wrote the whole of that d-d chapter again, in a spasm of desperation. I think for at least, by breaking up the use of that stupid stepping, a parentheses. Asquith that the harm of it. And I Cut about from 20 to 30 pages.

Wednesday 26th March

A very nice dinner at Macarthy's last night. Desmond flung the door open & almost kissed me. But that's not even formula. So glad to see us - He looks former & prime. And there was Hope, Desmond & Molly Jay & amiable, not so deaf. And me talked a America. Very kind, quite untaught. D. never allowed to pay. He had enjoyed himself immensely. only netted £150 though. And he was enchanted about the attacks on Lytton & Rest of Swinnerton has a Grudge because he is Selfmade. This had annoyed him more than us (a vindication of me in the Times this morning: so we Score a Crown by being attacked & saying nothing.) Molly as I say affectionate, very happy & prosperous all the Mr. Wheels: Desmond now a doctor, a weak looking but somehow alert &

NYPL

alive young man, discussing Jerome with L: Hope as a diet of worms. He put matches on the floor to effervescent Jerome. I couldn't borrow into Desmond as Molly had to be nibbled. Dear me, friendship is a very happy thing. And nothing need to be said. And — I forget — we both hope to be letters close, behind the Oratory, like a scene in the Meistersingers. We discussed the case of Harry Norton: the effect of discouragement — what D. calls Columbo's army — the work he has to retrieve — life on tea & bread alone in obscurity. But I said something always turns up — which is true. He had been lunching with Austen Chamberlain. who says Jerome can only be treated like a hare. must constitutionally Gurney him anything. Patterdom is the devil — &c.

March 27th

I see I am becoming a regular diarist. The reason is that I cannot make the transition from Paris to Paris without some bridge. And this cools my mind. I am rather worried about the Said Chapter: afraid of I compress, I worry that I shall spoil. Never mind. Forge ahead. — Ill what comes next Lydia also interrupted, Conveying a copy of Monthly in her hand, very abrupt & then. She is going to speak & tell him that she thinks him a dusty little cad. She cannot come to meet the Morgans, as they are all for Easter to Charleston. To that am I.

NYPL

Saturday we went to the Tower, which is an impressive
mediaeval bloody grey raven haunted military
barrack prison dungeon place: like the prison
of British Splendour: the reformatory of the
bad of history: where we shot & tortured &
imprisoned: & Prisoners scratched their name,
very beautifully on the walls. And the Crown
Jewels blazed, my fancy, & there were the
orders, like drinks or a Regent St jewellers.
And we watched the Scots Guards drill: a
an often day in kind of tiger pace up & down -
a waxfaced barbers block officer framed &
a certain impassive balancing. The
Sergeant major barked & swore - all in a
hoarse bark: the men stamped & wheeled
like — machines: then the officer asked
barked: all pleasantness, showing off -
a degrading, a stupefying spirit. but in
keeping with the grey walls the cobbles the
Executioners block. People sitting on the
river bank among old cannon. Yes, re-
very romantic: a dungeon like feeling.
To home & Elizabeth Read & Denny
suddenly appeared. To her a child in
Augur, my pretty, feminine, help penciled.
talked about husky, Denny, her debts, his
drunken wife, how he is insurance agent
drives an old car about Yorkshire. They
live in rooms at Sheffield, here a
Cottage at Coradon I liked her - an
odd waif, truculent, courageous. to be
blown across. Has a classical scholar,
but a 'mat'. Can't sleep or eat. But
they are going to mend matters by having a
child.

NYPL

Thursday
28th March.

Another bridge between P.S & Dante. Both
think I have actually done the Raid this
morning. A nice quiet Evening last night,
& an hr sit; & I sitting reading over the
fire. Nobody came for me. So that
there is no call to make a note — unless to
remark upon the domestic atmosphere at
the Ms: demand an Entr. the sense of
other lives flowing & changing. I am
bothered by tomorrows dinner thought.
Can't get anyone to meet the Morgans. Set
to get Hy as a solitary Evening, wrongly
perhaps. Raymund going to the Grand
National — William has the flu.
But this is not much of a notebook under the
pillow after all. Spring triumphant.
Crocuses going over. Daffodils &
Hyacinths out. In some Chestnut leaves in
the bird claw stage in the park. The
Country trees & Square trees bare still.
Little beeches all green. I want to
make readable notes for my book.
How odd & springy & fresh the air was
Yesterday — like the sea! And thinking of
having neither country abroad — but we
have not yet decided where to go.

Sat. 28th March.

Charles Morgans to dinner last night.
Nina, Duncan, & Graham in afterwards.
Not an alarming man, the Ms — He
rather dark eyed & official: the — oh
how the interrupted! Vague, rather,
but well meaning. Oh but —

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Charles you must tell them the Hancock story - Charles
You ~~don't~~ must n't be modest as we
were talking about the Navy: Charles wrote a
book showing up the tedium & mechanism
How they were made to do "Evolutions"
4 regts after another 7- Evolutions meant
jumping over chairs & being beaten. Then they
drank with the beaters: were then beaten
again: ~~told to~~ those who are not virgins
must report that they have had such -
such women flee down by Saturday.
One of them wrote on her diary, sent it to
her parson father, who reported to the Admiralty.
They appealed to his patriotism He Hercules
to Jo[h] Carmelite Hymn: there was an
inquiry when you escaped. Magan a
well meaning cultivated Egerit letter
Such eyes 'nobs', like Jowitt.
Loves us a plan so as to get as much
out of humanity as possible. Bed at 2.
after the play. Breakfast at 9. in bed:
Work work from 4 to 7. So
depressed. The Fountain is the result.
Occasionally a light came in his
Such eyes: about the dreadnought fe
Example: but he is Columbus & page
like one of the dogs of Newcastle town.
the i Up away. Kinsale, Ker, where
Charles. Where matthew was a wood,
Remember - I walked here calle - 'Charles'
father built Victoria Station. showed

March 20th

Some Chestnut trees in
the Park just coming out
in small leaves.

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Charles a lecture at Charleston to demand him from Bentley. Must have a specimen c wrote at Seaton - Do at 11 he chose the navy. Then went to Walthey, was made his Lieutenant by an Irish: with there remain; boarding his ward money for his Children Ned & the other 10. A very well meaning honourable but rather men. Graham roared with laughter when they left - and Wm. Morgan was the image of John Braddock - wife. Very red & young: hair shaven his head: talked to him.

Sunday March 31st

Tea with Tom Gatley. A small square room, with the distant railway on one side; Cornwall Gardens on the other. A great spread; rolls in folds & shapes - dark green blotting paper with paper, knives pattie meagre, stood on top & each other: bookcases with shelves mainly. Not a lovely room. A coloured print over on Graham picture. Nothing nice to look at. Purple Covers. Respectable china "A present" said Tom: he was perched on a hard chair. I poured out tea - There was Mrs. Munro, a handsome wealthy Roman looking woman in a black astrachan cap. And it was heavy going. all about Cars: the publishing; a German bag; a letter Henry Jones: feel [illegible] Cambridge

NYPL

chemises on the bed and, as I not likely to do too soon. "so nothing like we were all glad when Mrs M. dropped. — Tom was glad. — showed us his bedroom — a section, getting the railway under it. "I forgot to ask you to drink sherry" he said, pointing to them — flasks on the bedroom window sill. a pallid very cold experience. the road on the slope — this the Kensington Rectory & he shares a bath with curates. The hot water runs very slowly. Sometimes he takes the bath prepared for the curates a large laced pale faced man — one great port. And no fire burning in his room. I discover a certain asperity in their manner the woman — a pleasing attitude. Here he gets warmed up a little. But the decorous afternoon, the maid in cap, apron, the embroidered cloth, the ornamental kettle on the mantelpiece all somehow depressed me. And as I say it was a bitter cold day — the we have seen so many Liberty. Ugly. How heavenly to sleep over the fire. Tom's war a jar fire. a long letter from Vita. by the way, about Ethel's attack on her. She asks me why. Happily I can truthfully say I told her not to write. At the same time I agree with Ethel's opinion that meaning more than I like. (see whichever page this) And I think E. thought V. bad taste to think her absurd; has said something true, in her violent unreasoning way. But what the use!

NYPL

Monday
11th April

at this rate I shall never finish the Purgatorio. But what's the use of reading with happier mind running on than I help. Oh that Jem wants comforting. It's her turn. But I shall finish it before I go away. We shall 3 weeks in Holland & France: a week in Rome. Flying then. Ivy went to Kew yesterday. Oil Vegetable notes are needed, then is to Ignatius that yesterday was the prime day for Cherry blossom near Kew, & magnolia: & lovely white ones with black cups to the flowers: another purple tinted, that pallid. Another & another. And the yellow kitchen & the daffodils in the grass. So to walk thro' Richmond – a long walk by the pond. I romped certain details. And it was 5.30 when we got back – a cold lonely day; & then I read Wm Hds. & we had our meals, & finished the holiday & Mabel came in & said she had sat for 2 hours in the Piccadilly corner house, watching people & listening to the band. Many people do this. She said. They sit on & on, eating as slowly as possible. She was ashamed how long they had sat. But then they take a long time to bring things she said. & clear away. & admiration from Mrs Morgan this morning. And I gather from Judith that Joan did then has not passed.

NYPL

Thursday
April 2nd

Poor poor old Ann has not only passed, but won a minor scholarship: Judith won only modestly in Chaff. We had Ann to dinner & took her to Royal London: but the violets & Empire building bored her. The thunder is heavy, & has the youthful Country new naturally that we assumed high nature. The war not tabooed merely bored — a good sign, either in representations. And it was a very cold day: & I read in the room; & was glad not to pace the streets. I have now read Bagnold rather (? subject) overrated & much applauded book to read. What's wrong with it? My nose is missing already a letter of warm gratitude — why? — from Vita: yes, I am a good friend, I have never failed her. Some muddle) I don't fathom altogether, but upset given & St John between them have muddled poor old Vi's not very well founded head. Rather a lemon not to write angry letter. And does Louie cheat? A bill for a Chicken that we had at Christmas again throws doubt on her. We must have it out about the milk this week. Angelica's a hora week I want altogether. Leonard Thursday: a meeting at Rodmell. Content Jury again but off.

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Friday.
April 5th

Cyclical last concert yesterday in a snowstorm. And we took the wrong turn & went in the black almost to Southend. Snow falling all the time across the dark yew trees. And not a very rich performance. Sybilla acting Imogen acting Brenda with a perfect accent, Mother in the Drama room. a great lie. Mrs Curtis thinks the real thing — no home in the cold — Duncan asleep.
L. dined at the Cranium — met James who says he means, owing to Stevenson & other attacks, to set about a very long life of Lytton with all the letters; & he wishes to get down that what he wants is that I should write a chapter of Lytton & introduction. Lytton & Ruskin — so I wonder. But I'm glad, I think, that among such a biographer is cut out — there should be a full, out & out — not an apologetic criticism. And then the longing? But it will take James a long time. The usual heartless, cold day, & we go to Rodmell. And I'm tired & writing; yet must press on & do this difficult chapter: which shall get done before we go — to Holland we think on May 5th — 3 more weeks & 4 days. Ah to retain the sun & let my mind browse!

NYPL

Monday 8th
April.

a weekend of almost incessant conversation:
first Mr Havelock on Wordsworth Sonnets; then
Maynard on the New Statesman. Both
were full of interest – but oh dear, how I
grudge the talk-writing reading time!
And it rains & rains. Came home in the
rain, dined with Helen in the rain; went to
Clive: rain pouring down when we
drove home back. Found Clive
little worn, & Angelica was in the big
room. Talk of Dorothea over the Statesman.
Duncan shaping viciously at Hughes. Duncan
when he's angry looks. Vanessa is
fantastically monolithic & impervious –
a terrifying woman in her way. And
I almost laughed myself sick over Dorothea.
And was slightly empty as usual – but
why? without Roger. Nessa: a wife & all
so formal & going abroad for weeks –
Clive so unintimate nowadays. We
must ask them to dinner in June.
And the pelting on my skylight, & the
rain has come through the roof, & I am
rather daunted writing this restaurant chapter,
& wish we could retire to the sea.
& wish I were a more solid & capable woman:
& yet manage to cut along. Here's
Boulestin asking me to lunch – must I go!
what an effort. Helen with her children
rather unattractive but alive: the 2 geese.
Shaving early

NYPL

Sunday April 9th

I met Morgan in the London Library yesterday — flew into a passion.

"Virginia, my dear" he said. I was pleased that that absurd affectionate familiar tag.

"Been a good boy & getting books in Bloomsbury?" I said.

"Yes. Can't write. Is my book down?" he asked Mr. Manners.

"We were just passing it" said he.

"And Virginia, you know I'm on the Council now" said Morgan. "And we're even discussing whether to allow ladies —

A passion came over me that they were going to put me on: & I was then to refuse: Oh but they do — I said. There was Mrs Green...

"Yes yes — There was Mrs Green. And Sir Leslie Stephen said, never again. She was so troublesome. And I said, haven't ladies improved? But they were all quite dehumanised. Now no ladies are quite unwomanly. They wouldn't bear it"

Let how my hand trembles. I was so angry (also very tired). And I saw the whole Standing

NYPL

slate smeared. I thought how perhaps he had mentioned my name, & they had said how unladies are impossible. And so I counted down, said nothing, & this morning in my bath I had made up a phrase using Bury Peerless which is to run — a fiend grime, who was offered ..... one of those prizes — for which rate the Great Exhibition were to be made — who was in short to be given an honour — I forget what — — She said, And they actually thought I would take it. They were, as my hero, surprised, even affronted by my modesty & humble opinion. Jim didn't tell them what you thought when for days to expect that you should ask for more in that peal of appeal I recorded. Not for a hundred years, the obscenity. And I will try on Mr. Patterson a wider sympathy with the same law required to lay God bricks. And I will show how for centuries Clem & you also pour out her — that by the way Dr L. S. thanks his Eyes with mellow green; yes, there to stare up are my pearl for my book: for they summer become transparent. — I see how

NYPL

hers I can transmute them into beautiful clear
reasonable ironical prose- God damn Morgan
for Monday I'd have taken that ... Stud
dear old Morgan comes to tea today,
& then rehearse with Benny who's had
Cabaret.

The rest of the Zembla - which, whether university or
Cathedral, was academic or scholastic
I forget - was to be read, & as an exhibition
she was to be allowed to write in.
But what about my circulation?
For 2,000 years we have done things without
being paid for doing them you can't
behave now.
Paul a Vlad. No. I said ~~Swan~~ a
while my deeply appreciative hen ...
In short one must tell her, & ably
every emotion one proves to be
swollen, ~~inflamed~~ when given
so terribly inflamed vanity.
Truth is only to be shown by those women
who [illegible] new party buttons -
[illegible] them a share in the pig factory.

Friday.
12th April.

This letter piece of rant won't be very
intelligible in a few years. Yet there are
some useful facts, phrases in it. I
rather like to be at that work. But
I have been alternately round a headache,
& can't pick my weight in the
morning. This now almost settled that

NYPL

we shall drive through Holland & Germany, concealing
Leonard more, to Rome; & so back. A grand
tour on our most heroic scale. Indeed
L. has just been in to say that we have to have
the car tested this afternoon; also that the
first of the spring flowers is up — Mrs Black,
alas. Day after day is thus plotted out.
Last night I dined with Nina, L. being at
Ranelagh to hear the story this divided mind.
She can't make up her mind, & must debate the
separate parts, like a hearing after, to his
friends. Sometimes thinks he is very mad.
Everybody turns him & makes up his mind
to leave Abergavenny with Reginald: welcomes
Gerald Barry, home from Jerusalem,
K. keeps the telephone, rings up A:
says he'll have full time to put my name forward!
Next day the honour of A: descends on him.
Goes to a psycho-analyst. Goes to Scilly
Islands with his father. meets the Armored-Father-
rings us up at 9 this morning: wants
Deane. Meanwhile Olga threatens
divorce or claims it — I forget which —
loves another, is rejected, lives in
Fitzroy Square. But I sat over
the stove with Nina, Duncan roaming
rambling & dining. Old Desmond
Parsons, an American lady — which is
the reason why Molly rents Finchley
for six months. And they were

NYPL

making plates on a new system, & Monday to Stoke on Trent, & so America dear here — A Talented Youngster the Star calls her in a Paragraph that seems founded on fact. A mild wet spring. Had the courage to wear my Silver Corduroy. Lord, what a Slavery coward I am — but not as a waiter. N.B. I stick to that by way of compensation.

Jerrard received a deputation from children in her room the other day to ask him to give up his love, for Molly's sake. Upon which he said, that he thought he could answer them that it was the beginning & the end. The first image of Mr. Micawber as new rap. I much upset by the inefficiency of electric lamps. I bought one at the Stores yesterday, for my travels, with two wall to take an ordinary bulb. This is the kind of thing that genuinely annoys L. But I am merely running on, in order to waste the precious morning.

Saturday 13th April.

Poor Kingsley Martin almost in tears on the Telephone this morning. Can't make up his mind — certainly gives me an oddish sense of power. Helplessness.

Let me make a note that it would be much wiser not to attempt to sketch a draft of an Enquiry Scheme, or whatever this is to be called, until

the P.S is done with. I was rapt this morning & made a rash attempt, with the interesting discovery that one can't propagate at the same time as write fiction. And as this fiction is dangerously near propaganda, I must keep my hands clear.
It's true I'm half asleep, after the Zoo & writing. But he threw some coals on my fire: the horror of the legal profession: its immense wealth; its conventions: a Royal Com[n] now sitting — its hidebound honour — & a; work going into one of these days: & the medical profession & the osteopaths — worth a fling & laughter. But the dear, not now. Now for Alfieri, & Nash & other notables. It happens I was reading alone last night. We saw the great dismal fish at the Zoo, & the Gorillas thrown again, cloud: — I read Annie S. Swan on her life with considerable respect. Almost always this comes from Am[a]: a liking, at least some imaginative stir: for no doubt her books, which she can't count, — has no illusions about, but she can't stop telling stories, are work, keys, hope — & wash you choose. But she is a devoted capable old woman.

NYPL

Monday
April 15th

Had a very nice last meeting at Henri's last night
because I & suddenly turned stony in the way I
know: a cut-up rusty, when we got back, ostensibly
because I missed Margy not 7 days but 10 in
Rome. I suppose it was the old family grievance
moving again: I know up sudden help. But
this – all silly rot. I said, as I wanted for them to
come, he didn't come: so went in a huff.
The truth is he had spent the whole money
following up Jones for our journey – which, I say,
I could have done: & then I upset his plans in
favour of my family, & stayed talking. And he
had 2 hours of belly: & is tired. And
Come to think of it, we're both very hungry –
I shall be glad when we can stretch a little at
Monks House. I needn't meet Bells &
so start moaning. By way of reward for my
sweetness & temper – but what does L.
think of my temper? – my book went well
today: I think it probably rather good.
Yesterday another defence of Bloomsbury by
Ellis Roberts in the J. Times: of me in
particular (thanks I think to my 'charm' at
Ottolines;) I am the most original mind that has
written novels in the past 20 years. So on.
Nessa is going to Cadenac this morning about a
new curtain for one the shows. I'm not
jealous. But – oh how nice to
have all this done with in 3 weeks!
Now to write a little Italian from Dantes.
I must learn German next year.

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Wednesday
April 17th

To the moor, as how the Bell moor, which bounds the
flock, has begun: Angelica rushed in here at
yesterday with pattern for my clothes - such is her
passion - & left her cups behind, & today - a
fine day so far - began off- Tomorrow we go
to Rodmell, & when Brace, at J. knocks the
door - no. I stood in the door - but slowly
put on his coat, & made some very
polite remark about seeing us in New York -
when all this happened, I took back a thought
the holiday has begun. For I had been trying on
a dress at Murrays, in the bitter cold wind.
I counted 20 between one of Brace's words
& the next: he has grown toad faced,
but is all the same a decent long suffering man.
Things looking up in America, so he said.
I forget - I had something in mind to write here.
about 'the roads' perhaps. I'm jaded again,
& can't go on re-working. The book is to be
sent to America in October: may be
serialised - & so won't be out for a year.
But I have sold £990. Something about
Shenden book had I in mind? To jot down a
few notes on it. No - about the road. Being
Breaking mould. Coming out with views.
A French article calls me the Fairy of Ley.
Lit. Lord, how this fancy works them.
The Germans a bitter defensive about Jews
in Germany: want to come over & see us -
Lewis Buchan asks us to stay. How
these painful visits are in fact the real
breaking up of the soul: such a labour.

NYPL

and L. gets more & more addicted to solitude & arbute – the old wretch – at finding good reason for it. But then his hand trembles: mine doesn't – could I overcome the Clothes Tear. The novel – the novel – Un tailored? Let me only do it in an anti-fascist pamphlet? I think of darting off my impression between Roger Lytton & Can I steal a moment between Roger Lytton & proofs. All the above being so distinguished – Cultivated negro be knocked on the head. In E's terminology Thank Thaw tapped a new method of argument – my thesis combat: but then this is them out with description The new blazer: my skylight blue; no white tufted I'm reading, or jam to read. Alfieri. Chateaubriand, Paxton. Leo Meyer; Barker. Moore & Ponty; so Earle with Ly – oh to be alone with one fine York ham. No. I've forgotten the rest.

Thursday 15th April.

This is written with very dirty hand after tidying up. We go after lunch. But shall we be alone? I doubt it. I foresee Julian, Virginia & Kingsley Martin, who again rang up, is now inclined to go to A: but L. bets that he will stay at the N.S. And he said – I listened in – perhaps I'm walking on the Downs, might) Come & see you! Oh God I thought, drowning that he has a craving for human society – that is to talk about L. who to his contempt, said a contemptuous word, damn them. No do come. And physically he is so repulsive. A finish I bought a coffee mill last day.

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at Fortnum Jackson's & bought book for Lamps. saw
Leon, advising customers about fabrics in their
wholly disgusting way, all Queen Ann & Tapestry
objects in the worst most opulent Haarden
Drawing taste: women in black with
white pearl & red lips. The atmosphere of a
rich purely shop is not sympathetic. At Shaw
a halfway house: a shop not a shop:
Shop people pseudo gentry: an attempt to
seduce & coerce. The Chummy lamp was
25/6 instead of 18/9 as at the Stores.
So shelling to pay for lift stick & Kent
Carpets & the casual gentlemanly manner of
Mr Marshall & the Shaw & the Carelessness.
I watched a gentleman selling Earle Lyle
[illegible] with powder puffs, & the head
buyer, who might have been Chesterbelloc.
And so home. & No one came. &
That was one of Jacks blessings. And
I'm forgetting. Getting ready. Men went
down at Folkestone, which the
Derbies. But Miss Walton is
going to Amsterdam.

NYPL

Saturday
April 20th

The scene has now changed to Redmere. I am writing at the table I made (influenced on a cushion,) & it is raining. Good Friday was a complete fiasco — rain & more rain. I tried walking along the bank. — Saw a mole, running on the meadow — at first rather — as like an elongated guinea pig. Pinka watched it, & then it managed to slip into a hole. At the same time I heard the Cuckoo's song. When I came home I read a book — Stephen Hudson; too much to keep to think. Shall I keep to think? Read it again? What considerable irony & fluency; & some general ideas: but petters out in the usual Letter as an upper graduate tale. want to get everything in, & report and answer all the Chatter. But I want to investigate Citrini Gentleman: why do I always fight shy of Contemporaries? What is really the woman's angle? Why does so much of this seem to me in the air? But I recognise myself Limehaler: not a good rationalizer. Lytton used to say. Do) instinctively keep my mind from analysing, which would interfere its creativeness? I think there is something in that. No creative writer can swallow another contemporary. The reception of living work is too coarse & partial & you're doing the same thing yourself. But I admire Stephen for trying to grapple with these problems. Only

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of course he has to fetch them round – to use his own predicament as a magnet, & then the pattern is too arbitrary; & you're not in his predicament. But anyway, I read it at a gulp without screwing my wits tight to the argument. Then is a method I find very profitable: then go back & screw.
In the public world, there are emphatic scares. L. brings home a branch at the every Cabinet meeting. It's odd how seldom I regret them. One of these days they may come true. For instance, Toller says we are on the brink of war. Wants the allies to declare war on Hitler. Belgium keeps its aeroplanes at active service level, all ready to rise into the air. But as Jerman could be on them before they rose this seems useless. There is a doubtful perfunctory stir about the Jubilee. We have subscribed £3 towards trees & a bus shelter in Rodmell. Thus a good figure for buying what we want. Piccadilly is marked with Venetian masts. Feats line all the main streets. The King is said to be almost tomatoe-like. Yet Hugh with his bowings? C. Morgan said he can't bend any longer. And – there are mean and lowering shows. Munich: Hitler. Macdonald. At that temple incessantly arriving at Croydon, away at Berlin, Moscow, Rome. – Flying off again – what Keynes & I think how to improve the world.

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April 22nd. Monday
Bank Holiday
Coronation
Conduct

The Germans to tea; the m white cheeks, checked shoes, yellow gaiters, blue eyes, clean shaven, embittered, flowery red. flowery fat. smelly like an old dairy or other simple garden flower; it a flower could look very unhappy. I suppose the deformed boy, a Wron. Its a cripple. with iron rods down one leg, hoisting himself about on a stick. The, I suppose, saintly daughter physically to be. I suppose the lives with physical deformity. But the is less painted, however. two is shedly disconsolate. the is very white toothed, blue eyed, clean red cheeked — a nice rigid honest public school Englishman. Started almost at once telling us about Hitler. He had been at Berlin with Simon. Yet there early, stood at the embassy window watching the crowd. They cheered, — a policeman held up his hand, they obediently fell back. No resistance. Then the conversation began. Hitler very impressive; very truthful. a large picture of the Madonna, Child & one of Bismarck. Its has a great jowl like Bismarck. Made speeches lasting 20 minutes with out a factor. very attentive. Only one mistake on a complicated piano very well coached. And all the time a tapping round. We glass shafts. An odd thing to have the masons in. But even the sentry marching up & down the passage. Even then came out. We want.... we have a party of us in the air already. The Germans in fact have empty aeroplanes ready to shoot to keep us under. But if they do kill us all?

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both they will have their Colonies. I want room to
move about Mother said. Must be equal. etc etc.
A complete reversal to pre-war days. No ideals
Each equally. impersonally. for a procession.
And the passive heavy slave behind him.
2 he a flat-nosed coney clown on the
brown jelly. Sat talks grimly on the
degenerate, the completely Egyptian, powerful
machine. Says outright. "If I had been in
Control during the war, things might have gone
very differently." Wegram & the rat frightened.
Anything may happen at any moment. Here in
England we haven't even brought our gas masks.
Nobody takes it seriously. But heavy
Seen this mad dog, the Prussian militarism
are really afraid. And if we have only
our public schools like W. to push us,
except that Oxford Street work he flooded
with poison gas one these days. And what
then? Germany will get her colonies.
And then we walked them round the
garden. They were, as Ted they were,
Envious a impudent But as Mrs W. said
to me, I am effusive. I was brought up in
France. She has been used to listen to real
talk - to the rap: to busy clothes turn a
year on the 9th March - Autumn. -
Then never to think of yet again. -
Here in London with my letter of the Foreign
Office - she is, therefore, bored, disconsolate,
thinks I cutting the London season & stays
at Southease: where, Mear, we shall now
be peppered with, to help work the garden.
And then Hungary rang up & is now,
And I intend to
remonstrate. walk.

NYPL

April 23rd

Kingsley coming at eleven your first fine morning — Weeping till 6 has completely taken away any power I may have over the art of fiction. In order to restore myself 2 hours cycling & air I went on to Moggery Pots. I found a really happy woman sitting on the slope of Wood Hill. As they smiled at me. I thought I would act the scene of Eleanor & the builder — went to them & said "Did you speak?" No. They had not spoken. But they were very happy. I then went on — but it was a grey morning & Moggery — a home by the way. And there was K — eating cold veal & scraping up his cauliflower with a fork — An effective sloppy meal: always on the figs: but how underdone! How workmanlike a human existence! & now & come all dissolved by personal anguish into a chatter of egoism: "Is there anything more we can say about my affairs?" he remarked at 3. No, said truly, there is nothing more. For he had been standing with damp wavy hair — Hockey with pewter ink — all the money. Would he stay & should he go? I cared only genuinely by probing the depths. This barley in the H.S. Directly I mentioned its importance, he trotted out arguments — to prove its immense value to the world — The only taper that tells the truth. the stay & bread & all the services

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minded in Britain. When, directly I'm alone, this his
extinction. Jane, he's not quite in his right
mind: but how strong this trembling thigh the
hot sand is! & how a kindness touched —
well meaning, good hearted. I doubt not, but
duly observed; with no ear or eye: no
reflective faculty. Catching at any straw to
float on: talking persistently; tolerable because
afraid of being alone; with no core of
truth or substance in him; garrulous,
unlucky. Slovenly; 'able' at the bar. Quick to
snatch. a snapper up of trifles, &
unconsidered — yes, a profoundly
unenterprising man — Yet. Absentwork is
ready to pay them. Twas a year: to be
must have some merchantable quality.
But then like nearly a busy unworkaper
talker, to K. He is full of short
sniffets. And why so dull? He
runs of my mind like a torrent of
lot lukewarm water, but leaves it
stained & tired. He's like listening to a
perpetual leading article. so admirable.
well meaning, so shallow.

25 April. Whether it was Keyley or not, the usual
headache wore away about 1m. rather like a
dovel drawing: Lobby. drew me a
kick in my back: clouding my mind.

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I think I have earned a headache a a holiday. But it remains cold. And I am not going to write a word of fiction till June 1st Weak coffee this morning, a badly cleaned fish: which I write upon the Cow, who cooked us an admirable dinner last night all the same. Must she go! An irrevocable unthinkable as Le Faut. physical not rational so can't be overcome. I can read Pirandello almost currently; but can't write. Head begins protesting. I shall shave my legs shortly & buy clothes: no only shoes. Think

Saturday 27th April

ah desire to practise the art of a writer has completely left me. I cannot imagine what I would be like: that is, more accurately, I cannot curve my mind to the line after line: no, now I am article. It is not the writing but the Architecting that strains. When I finish then paragraph. Then there is the next & then the next. But after a month's holiday I shall be as fresh & strong as — say heather root: & the arches & the domes will spring into the air as firm as steel & light as cloud — but all these words miss the mark When I shall demand a different criticism: can write it: Who can I describe with any certainty Mrs Collett, with whom both L & I fell in love yesterday. A whether woman: steel blue eyes: velvet knitted jersey: combination tea, edged,

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outspoken. the widow the Lord Mayor's son, who was killed before her eyes flying. Cycle that she broke down, & the only cure she said was to go to Hong Kong & stay with Bella. From that we did not expect anything much. to tell the truth: whereas she ridiculed the Jubilee, the Lord Mayor ~~& the Celeb~~ & told us all about life in the Mansion House. She spends £20, and puts her own pocket on her jar of Otto; 10, and on her mouth dom. then buys an enema coat for Flood in which to admit the Kaiser to Europe Par. Parliament. the King Parker part. & the Coat is spoilt. She I don't like my father in law, she said; he doesn't do at all well. Her mother in law, is a perfectly natural senile woman who goes begging just with a bag. The Queen gave her as a token of esteem 2 large shells, engraved with the story of George & the Dragon. Then mercifully are left at the Ivy House. She L. M. wears a dress that is heavy with bullion. A terrible state of dirt Derbyshire ~~sylvan~~ sylvan — but she was so nice & unexpected I actually asked her to come & see us — which. had she known it, is a compliment we never pay even the Royal family. But I cannot write Even her: we both read a story by Pirandello. James & Alix to dine to dentin Leffroy Lyttelton Dunbar. —

NYPL

Sunday
april 28th

Very cold again. Trees dotted with green in the
Park yesterday. Chestnuts just beginning to flower.
A black sky & the paler yellows looking
purple & pink across the streets. Last
blue paper Crowns & Roses being delivered
today. Also to Jim. James having a cold
Conversation: whether one can give people
credit a substitute for war. Must have the
danger emotion: must climb mountains,
fight bulls; but this emotion urged, may,
with philosophers, doesn't last more than a
few months in case of war. J. says all
the young men are communists in order to
gratify the desire to do things together &
in order to have some danger, which will
only last a few months. The Germans
bring very low. Think why it is better than
then. But then was not the 1914 emotion.
Lent a diary. Can't cut them out at once
must divert them into some harmless
object. But what? Some fantasy
must be provided. Nay may
people have loved life exactly as much without war &
with it. Has war ever won any
cause? May says our civil war.
I made up some story Robinson Crusoe.
Obviously. Julian finds unaware of some of
her own motives, at the same time very
lively & energetic. Also like a
blackbeetle, all brown & tin & tailor made
No taste of psyche: all argument. but
a interesting. whether the use of
type to depict when human nature is so
excited!

NYPL

Tuesday April 29th

I should be tidying the room, but I'm not. Everything scattered with written foot & cigarette ash. The great joy of having money is that one can buy small treats for the journey — new shoes. And even pure waste like the tumblation yesterday. Mary came & I tactfully showed her the blue taffeta. Our relations are an odd mix of the ~~good & bad~~ friendly & embalmed. He gave me this blouse, & Father bought me the dress & coat. Even in day clothes. A long letter & an Horniman from Mrs Ellis Roberts; her husband is working on me to confess my heart which Wrenn-Norton denied. Dear me. I might W. Lewis said was sentimental — between the 3 of them! But I was about to say that Everything is a bitch Hach now I'm not working. Odd to be off that wave. But I want to experiment with pure external living for a month — looking, hearing, taking in ideas & impressions And then watch how the old trout at the bottom of the pond rise. I predict that the desire to work will become so frantic in the time we are on the way back that I shall be making up ads along the Rhine road. At the moment I start an idea but it fades; can't write it down & my brain stretched; can't even look at Stephen Spender about his book. A fine young man. My first. Send cheque, ask London bank wrapping up parcels for the jubilee

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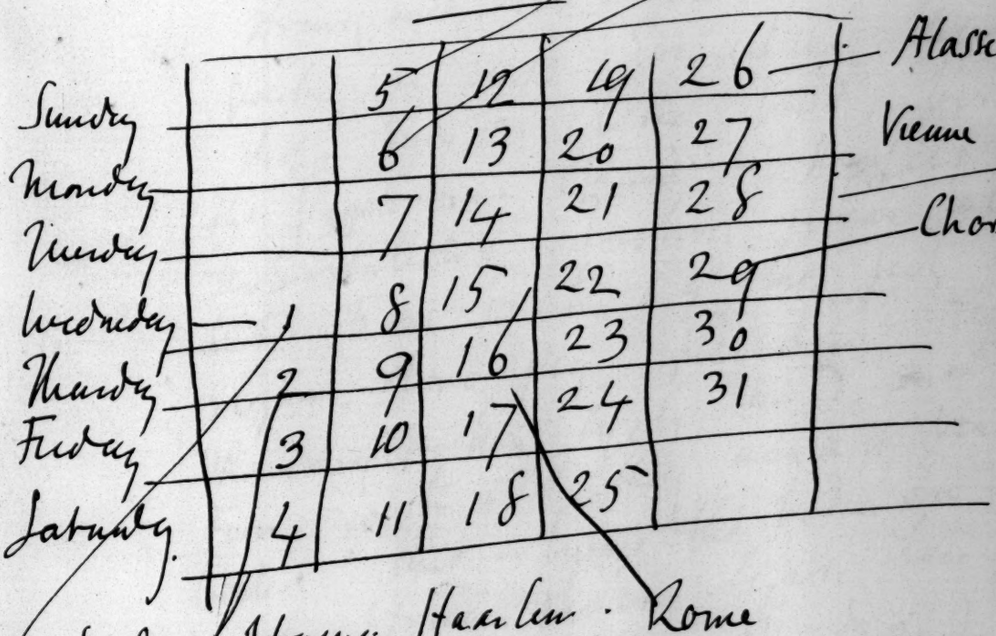
In search of
Hockey Sheehan
V.

Journey to Holland. Germany
Italy & France.

May 1935



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Zutphen.

Monday 6th May.

This is fortress day, Northcourse; a very hot fine day. Cr to Holland: in the next place the cows wear coats; then the cyclists go in flocks like starlings. Gathering together, streaming in & out. Driving is dangerous. Towns are large. They are also strung out, mile on mile. Cycles are back in 1913. Everywhere there are shops full of clothes, food, books. The people are dressed in perfect respectability. Ladies wear felt hats. From 10 to 25 the girls are elegant, close jog, sleeker, streaming on their cycles in & out. From 30 to 50 they are neat bodies. But always the bodies are tight, spruce, shoes elegant, hair beautifully done (& their hats dropped cigarette ash on the perfectly clean

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Sheets (the modest empty hotel). Very Dutch
16th & 17th century, with curved apricot
coloured awnings. Arches very. The 6 houses
are the glory of Holland — the richly carved
bay-windowed houses; some clean & tidy,
others are leaked; but Each is a solid
Venice probably self-respecting home, in which
last night I saw the Sunday dinner, old
men old women nibbling round with children
Cactuses; a cat & dog. We have 20
people round us wherever we stop. The
apes — the Berne apes! I forget
exactly how stark you. Rooms too big
& lonely. Amsterdam a splendid town —
marble, shaped all like a ruin
on the side of the march: over fast
Dutch & the Hague had 20 courses.
Very expensive. Meals very early.
People immensely unbreakable. NB
Legs of ruin a man. The man
legs of ruin a man.

NYPL

on the ferry. said like all the rest. they wished they had gone off the gold standard. No visitors. Trade with England ended. Oh but the carved doors, the curved white façades. the lime trees: the air of Utrecht guaranteed prosperity, antiquity, air: cleanliness. Here in Zutphen — between ice early arrived 2 hours, had our Utrecht lunch, & then came to this modest inn, with a canal outside: & a broad river beyond.

Coleridge that touches me:

That the more complex a mind the less it lends itself to nature: the more it understands the less it is able to sum up & make known. For example: Ruskin & Dostoevsky neither these satyrs. The age of understanding: the age of destroying — & so on.

Belchamber.

a misery, such misery. completeness. Real shallow. A serpentine book. But also a finished one. Rounded off. only towards the end of your life one such below: because the people, like Sandy, have to do things without doing them: this runs in the current: which lends itself to Mathew, & completeness.

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a word- accepts the convention. Lets her character be
guided by them, not conflict with them. he can
produce an effect by symmetry: new pleasant,
suggestive: but only on the surface - That is,
I can't care what happens: get like the
design. How despise all the cat monkey
psychology, but what he is admirably
faithful. A genuine sincere mind — Howard,
despite sentimentality, & making his acute
observation - Not a great writer.

Wednesday 5th

Utrecht. We came back to our grand inn
here. a cold day's drive. We ate
lunched in the car & a funeral passed us.
The horse draped in black like a
medieval war horse. The plan of
Dutch town is: a bridge a canal: under
an arch into a street: boarded, stepped
house; orange & green awnings: 1620:
an brand new Georges: a great red
brick tower. then a vast church,
shut up. The caretaker, a respectable
rather invalidish man lives opposite.
Some pictures on whitewashed walls.
Empty & magnificent. Very Rotherham.

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Flights of cyclists. Immense prosperity is highly
Civilised shops - flower shops. shoes, bicycles, books,
Everything the man solidly placed wealthy
but not fare born citizen can eat or wear or
have use: all things such as. English,
French German books as equal to Dutch.
Shops open shops. People pullulating. Not a
beggar, not a slum. Even solid wealth.
Comfortably. At Leiden that Holland is a
patriotic and deeply religious rather than
featured but individual medieval
woman. Convention of 1913. No
women smoking or drinking can - only
one man smokes a pipe in the street.

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Utrecht.
a very cold day. I am (this is taken from pencil notes) sitting in a tearshop where 3 dutch are having home pulled with cream. The nice girl smiles at me. I is getting letters. (There were some, because this [illegible]) The two children are eating cakes. Hoolaroja, dutcha boch! — it sounds like that. They don't have tea. a very thick chocolate shop. They laugh.)
I walked to write postcards.

Monday 9th May

sitting in the train outside the German Customs
a car with the swastika on the back window
has just passed through. the barrier into
Germany. I is in the train. I am nibbling at
Aarons Rod. Oops! I go in & see what is
happening? a fine dry windy morning.
The dutch Customs took 10 seconds. This
has taken 10 minutes already. The
windows are barred. Here they come
over the green man laughed at Metz.

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But L. said that when a peasant came in a steward took his hat on. The man said This office is like a Church & made him move it. Until Herbert saw the letter this boy opens his bag, perhaps with an apple in it, at the barrier: he knows obeisances - delighted that's when the office smile at Metz - the first troop in our track.

That a work of art means that one part gets strength from another part.

at Aldeburgh: house rushed late after boy turned away to make way for the Mineral President.

By the Rhine, sitting at the window, looking out on the river. The water has been falling - It has been in America: de mountain; talks as if he were here. like a little simple monkey. "Let me see now, you like good coffee. What have we not? a no. Also the mango - was in the City Road - wanted to go back & keeps a German hotel in Bedford Place. he was chased across the room by

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Hitler (or Goering) had to pass their ranks of
Children with red flags - They cheered stiffly
I raised my hand. People falling in the trenches
rather bored - like school treats. Banners
stretched across the street "The Jew is our
Enemy" "There is no place for Jews in ——"
So we whizzed on along until we got round
by Wagner's the double cyclical crowd. On
Obergruppenführer gradually turning to ages.
Women rather fagged. Scene of Hatred.
Man feeling marked by good temper.
Women came here, Ischl, an old country
home, with carved banisters, shallow
steps, a black slated staircase
Courtyard. A mentor's bitter eye with
root: rabbits, doves in outhouses.
The innkeeper is playing cards with his
wife - They all want to go away - back
to Munich, back to Washington - Oh so
lovely, said the waiter, who wants to
Go on talking.

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Innsbruck

May 12th. L: [says?] I may now tell the truth. but
I have forgotten 2 days of [fretting?]. & my pen is
weeping ink. Let me see. We went on
from the old country house Inn, which
ran their changes of light, & drove down
the Rhine; & tried to see it as an
engaged ~~[?]~~ couple in 1840. No good.
An ugly pretentious country. Operatic
Scenery. High, but insignificant hills,
bristling with black & green fir trees, &
& with correct towers & ruins — like
a river that rang with coal barges like
Oxford Street; traffic on the cobbled
road. & then a wall had fallen, &
we were made to cross over to the
right side again. And so to — to where?
I began to forget. The dullest day of them all.
But we got to ~~Augsburg~~; & ~~we had~~ a
~~room with a bath. Then went on~~, to
Heidelberg. which is — yes — a very
distinguished heavenly town. on the Neckar.
The Don & their daughter were having a
musical evening. I saw them tripping out

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to each other homes with pale blue Beethoven
Quartets under their arms. Something like
the Strands — the Darwins in old Cambridge —
the same dress & nice intelligent faces.
Great Rhododendrons blooming like here &
blue. And the river like shiny slate flam.
And next day to Siegburg — a dark town,
but with a bath. A room with a bath.
And the country steadily improves — becomes
wooded & shaded. From Siegburg to
Muerbach where I sit in the early
room — the hotel quite nicely, the town
quiet on the slope. very shadily.
What did we see today? Great
snow hills. with black rifts in them.
Forests. Lakes: one copper green
And it rained for the first time & was
cold in the mountains today. Every
with dusty snow at the door on May!
Lovely, but whilst here. have wood.
Black stoves heated both. The Hotels
feebly relaxed. Rough guy with red head.
Pained eyes "Du Lieber" and here
Unwohnsicht" But this veiled the
shut up by authority. Chafed into Austria
at last; & we are now almost outing
Gaschot.

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Rome.

20th May. This is not a nice place. How can I really
Italian myself that I am going to Florence
the day home from Canterbury to this evening -
the women balcony blue green hats. The flat grey
green, blue & black precipitous mountains, brown,
umbrella pines, the town with the pinched
ugly thick houses & them, flooded with
lamentable light. For the most part were roaring
God all over us. St Peters, to which we
drove.

Is there any 'me' in such notes? Perhaps
when the ordering of the mind has gone further
one can see & select better. Quentin bought me
Italian books & read of Lawrence death.
Buckled out a motorcycle. But I will
now see the Raphaels before they
come to dinner to copy out from the
pencil book. Then I keep in the bag
to write it when taking in petrol,
waiting for something or other. Again,

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what the use, but that passionless would
Hate most things.

Brenner. Monday 13th.
Cold to see the Countries change into each
other. Beds now made of layers on top
one sheet. Hovers hovering Austrian,
Dejected. Wants Carts at Innsbruck till
July. No spring. Italian fronts me as a
Velen boa. The Chekio Slovaks are in front
facing the Austrian horse.

Verona.
I first want to
write after drinking wine
wake up. This is the best that Ld may
enjoy, but not comparable to my own
private Excitement - and I mean all so
now, Even as I write. Mason returns. I
Can see the moved outside the bubble
the grey green olives reading the page.
Queer what a part wine has played in human
life - Omar &c. How all impressions are
mixed. I am thinking of V.D. 30 years ago:
Verona: my honeymoon: Riva: Lucerne: at Verona

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from the train. the sensation is as a tight band round the head tingling in the soles of the feet. Lotion. a strong expanding what would the weather as a complete drench and be?

a burgeon round at lunch. the dress contemplation.
a woman like a fig all out who asked that her ashes might be buried at sea.

Florence. Ash coloured houses with green doors.
smell of coffee roasting.

Perugia. Came through Florence today. Saw the green & white cathedral. & the yellow and dribbling into shallows. A Chandumpum. hills purple against the clouds. Lots to Assisi. Almost impossible thunder with drenched hills.

Lake Trasimene. Stood in a field & red purple clover. Blossom egg lake. Grey olives & plumbs. mists. sea cold, still green. Lots of. regretting that we did not stay to Perugia. Brahms

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where we stayed in 1908. How all the same.
The same ardent tubaist women. Yours
Pat has a row on hand. Better to have stayed
at Nauna. I went into an Athens
yesterday to buy rolls. Found a
tall fluted fireplace, all patriarchal-
servants & meals. Cauldron on the fire.
Probably not much change since 16th
Century. The people preserve legends. Mer-
women bathing at nightingale
singing where we sat. Letter frogs
jumping into the stream.
Brutal. Three people watching the door
other & that. Commenting on visitors
like fates - summing up. placing.
A woman with a hard kind
aquiline face - red lips - hard like
perhaps talks talented. French.
pendulous nose - a rather low forehead. How
they sit nibbling at human nature.
Low arc ceiling Gothic Excellent grim bigots.

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Rome. Tea.

Tea in Cafe. Ladies in bright coats & white hats. Rome- Both entrances high like moreen. Abyssinia- Children beggars. Cafe Lauder. Ices- Old man who haunts the Greeks.

London Cafe. N. & A- Dreary- very cold Rome a mist-jaded but perceptible Sunday. Fierce large jowled old ladies- Gossiping about Monaco. Talleyrand- Some very low black witty women- The Eastern dowdiness produced by wishy haw. The Prime Minister likes others to recommend me for the Companionship.

No.

May 21st addition The human hair broke early & again curtained darkly all my book on Perversion, to which I had not

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Given a night thrust there 7 or 8 days - why?
This vacillation with my novel - how are they
ever to come out unattainably - But it is a
vague that I must set to work & shape again
Yet at the moment I am very very unhappy
with St. & A - who don't come.

Sunday 26th May

We went very unhappy. & suddenly
out-spray. & my eyes. the old triumphant
Powers of the Early married days. Why?
How she would hear all in full tide
with Roger Clive & me attendant
We bought pots & a tea set, which
Gave her great intense pottery delight more
than any clothing a jewel.
And then? I'm writing. at six
on a Sunday evening. with a
hand playing. & flopping. & Children
shouting. in a too luxurious
hotel where the waiters bring
one the menu. & I mix my

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French scandalously with odd scraps of my painfully
acquired Italian - Still I can relish a
Gli Indifferenti by over my bed for
pleasure - Oh the loveliness of the land
still here & there - for instance that
first mornings drive out of Rome -
the sea - the lizzy the marigolds
& cistus - the umbrella pines, after
Civita Vecchia: then a glimpse of all
the extreme boredom of Genoa - the
Riviera, with its Seaman city
Spezzia, with its sense of shoreys
& sea between hills & sea - & Pisa
& you there in a bright luxury light
without room to turn, to stop the
vulture neck hills come down.
But we slept at Lerici the first
night which does the bay the
burning sea - the green Lerici steps
the island - the sparkling
fishy red & yellow night lamps &

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perfection: But that kind of perfection no longer
makes me feel homy hen- It too easy
And to But during today I was thinking
of Reger- Brzyrolles- Corgé- my
wood. the olives & the rusted earth,
& the flat green. the sea.
But now the band has begun again. –
we must go down to dine triumphantly
all local flout- Off tomorrow. –
home on Friday- But thank Dr.
inhalant in my brain to eat again.
I can daily on these last days
better than sometimes. Why?
why? I go on asking myself. And
feel I could wow whole of these
penal years: a possible
amplification of the ~~last~~ chapter
last first paragraph occurred to me.
But I don't want to spend at
'writing' too hard. To close my net

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week - It occurs to me, as we drive, how I'm disliked, how I'm laughed at - & I'm rather fervent agony intention to take the Veneer fallantly. But writing again!
Nena ya ya, is always interrupted by Angelica, who has the vocal cords & not the contemplative faculty. Sweet dream. She laughed as the wave ran away on Thursday night on the Piazza di Spagna - And so the always interrupts & says. Mummy. Would you put out would you buy me some dark blue collar - do ya. And then we must talk about getting hair curlers. So the can't read one sentence. which mentals a divine refreshment - Never mind - I'm disappointed K. M's letter. Stendhal a Rome: & the Italian: - Can't formulate a plume for him. Ah Mum a little pond & twerled by Amen & Mummy: but agonized. & at

NYPL

moments that must take all the things seen which was her fate - then all the old Thekton Hick about life: & the beautiful rather Sordid worries & fibes, & the dark entwined, which I detest, & something driven & forced to cram into one year the Growth of five ages. So I can't make it a set

Moulins: 25th Sunday. And here we are in yet another hotel. This time with a bath. Last night at Nevers - No bath. Waiting out of my room - A great bath for Common washing supplied by the Squash eyed manger - Very good local dinner: Crayfish: a Commis-Voyageur hotel, also patronised by lower grade officers. Discern military tactics & Hunt with waiters. Dejan always surrounded by the hands of a woman. Call this taken photographically by a huge black lady badly cut down milk,

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I can still see the last scene - how soon they
rub away - like a breath I save my them.
the day we drove from Aix in wet
straight unbroken rain: mud coloured
they over us, & heavily standing to
pick cherries in the rain - Then all
red spotted with cherries - only
just visible in the grey downpour.
A dull boring day. but now to
Vienne at last: a lovely bar here a
very good day, coming across country
over the wide high hills with
2 boys the Comte at Monte Carlo.
a bright blue & white day: carried
parachute flaming: hills enlarged to a
the sea - I see down & below & be
then with the Comte to the western
head to produce passports, & Lepi
a paper. & give up hat & umbrella. & then

NYPL

paid nothing but went into a third but dingy
hall, set with seven or eight tables,
something like great billiard tables, at
which sat a dingy beastly rather wicked
crew, who their talon ate at a
disgusting mashing the food
down with their knives. That in the
middle. They had something between.
One couldn't blame them. Some were
dingy old fishermen in spectacles, other
professional with beards. There was an
utterly adventurous but most were
small business men — only rather. at
my vicious. Even a dingy hot-
& Sunday many about 12, in their
one thing in the way our culture
would do better? Vicious, dull,
& entirely horrid. Lo ar. And

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I began this sentence on a fog morning
nightthe mid September in Charles,
determined to write long slide of time gives
before I go motoring again. The pane of
glass that is pierced from over the mind
in the Ranch - there I am bitterly
at my seat - can't read like a work - as
look at the motor avenue - plan trees
poplar - rain, rain - old man with
Cart - ask the mileage - look at map
light a cigarette, a turn over the
old problem - chuck the same,
because I can't start a new one till
the Cage door are opened - all this
makes the 2 last days an intolerable
as the first two are rapturous.
And then always rain, coming
over the hyper Chartres plain it
was almost a fog. at Orleans

NYPL

it was grey as November. Only the sight of
Jethro perched on one arm chair again makes
this recherché — I write in the window
looking onto a vast bare space — tolerable.
Rents add how one longs to unload the
Worry on the loan — to Lothy: how insipid
life is without — worthy is it? Yet
this is the best. Last Autumn I sat on
town — I could only have worked 2 days
Less Coming across France.
To the difference too of the waiter & women behind
Glass in the hall — But I shall enjoy my
dinner: And only one day more —
Will take a day & two however to scratch
off the paint of glass.
And, putting down my pen, I reached &
I was wont to the Cathedral which was
almost dark & melodramatic — I mean
empty; there only the cracks &
shadows showing, we all alone, & the
blue window blazing in the cold grey night.

NYPL

In Scotland was like seeing the shelter in eggs
& the cathedral glowing them. Mere
towers, & the blue red eyes. The windows
are all blue & red, & above red
there's the jewel burning - the great
rose jewel, burning blue in - coal
blackness. In all the world this
something woman afire a vast -
what! woman body wonder:
the jewel & the word then - air
that sentimental! After we had
sat & looked slowly stagnes
retreated to the thick hollow. but
still the ~~shadows~~ looked look
remained. Never had we seen it
so bare, so architectural, an
attainment of proportion, raw
for the terror, deep blue stars,
for the stars varied from storey
to transcendent. To walk in

NYPL

a fort rate dinner — a dinner thyat out. —
presided over by a skilful & young
chef, precisely like Ray now, only with
greater skill & charm. For instance he
concocted a sauce out of cream,
French bean, mustard, salt & wine.
To add the wine he held his
finger which was not clean, half
over the mouth of the bottle. Then
left the sauce to simmer over a
spirit lamp: then another red
brown concoction was brought. &
the same poured over. Our dinner
was rich & thoughtful: I had
mushrooms in cream. (Steak)
observed the way a good waiter
serves a dish with infinite
care & respect, and handles
something precious. Now
Charles is much, & so to bed.

NYPL

May 31st

Home again, & how queer, as we drove up there was Punkin's basket being carried up by Percy, & she had died yesterday, her body was in the basket. Just as we were saying that we would see her in a moment- Percy was very red, very sad, screwed his eyes up, would not meet ours, & then told us. So that's what bound to happen we said. A very silent breakfast I had been saying how she would hate our being parted & all the usual jokes- And the intensity of sense of death- even for a dog- how adds even fatality to her character, & the foolishness something pathetic. & the depression. & the I suppose tearing sentimentality & we ate A cold morning day: punkin seat by the way on my blotting paper The usual tremendous arts coming back, & nothing to settle to. & some word German woman sends me a pamphlet on me, in which

I couldn't resist looking though nothing so absurd & demoralises as this looking at one's face in the glass. And a German glass produces an extreme distinctness & correctness so that I can't get either praise or blame but must begin twisting among long words. And so I must write letters. Lis book is reviewed in the Lit. Sup. as the day became out & variously without a sheen, though not with much grasp. Never a bite in that senile baker.

This view as beautiful as any I've seen, by the way even on a mud coloured day. The frost has nipped the fruit, the box hedges have yellow tops. Lady Rhondda asks us to dinner, & so the make renews its skin. We drove thro Normandy yesterday & was Bank holiday owing to Armistice day, so that all the people were dressed in respectable black coats & fur. A more ugly tribute to the spirit could not be. We lunched

NYPL

on the balcony at Candebec & the Bank holiday crowd
was lunching low – getting blotched & red in the
face: talking at mercies & rabbity red & white
low precisely into life & wine. An old man
next to who had to be hoisted into his car
after eating largely I suppose to return to Paris.
a long row of cars waiting. Plethoric
after their lunch & wine the holiday makers
walked up & down looking at each others
cars – he drove off too, got early to
Dieppe. smelt the usual strong smells, saw
the car up & settled down to the usual
4 or 5 hour till 10 in the hotel. Milky
provided a long discourse with the wife,
daughter & mother – 3 generations – in the
stuffy little office. The girl was translating
Caesar. She must know languages, they
send, & wear to come to Newhaven to
learn English. A great tradition – French
talk: I enjoyed the Esperanto the old
woman, describing English women during the

NYPL

was. She was in a shop, & they didn't know a word, but soon had the hang of it — saying Pomme — then pomme de terre. Much more style to her than to a woman of her type in Lewes. I am waiting to steady the fidgets, to cover over the depression & I've been work, & this only eleven, & I can't take up my book. I think that an hour of reading some good author is prescribed.

My excuse for not beginning my book — I mean finishing it — is that I've not got the final chapter here. So what shall I do? Read the old one. But that's funning & fed setting. I think wait till Monday & then slash at it. & get done by August. Holidays are very upsetting. And it's cold & grey. And my hand shakes. And I want some regular hours & work. And it'll take at least a weeks agony to get

NYPL

back into the mood. And I shall slip back by reading about in the book, a dreaming after tea: a saunter, if nature allows, taking a walk. I: my different love, about now dear Pink & years ago dog certainly mean something. I suppose — is it partly our life that danced in the orchard? That 5 years in London — our walks — something of our play private life. That gone? And — odd how the young life can't be tapped at will. I can't get into the mood by saying this Saturday morning, I will write. I can't get into that stream by standing a washy, the root of habits, of being unconscious of the world, attentive to other things, have to settle naturally. Coming back one is horribly broken up, nerves raw. Habit is the decorative thing in writing.

Wednesday
5th June

Back here again; & the same wonderful feeling that has made me think myself dead once more came back in withering regularity. It is beginning this second day's work chapter again in part. Sometime I may see how it will be the devil! but I never believe it. And then the usual depressions come. And I wish for death. But I am now aware that the last 200 pages will absorb themselves, & save me to write a play more or less: & broken up: & I stop to begin making up. Also, the same interlude, absence life - that is the telephone keeping - Hunt. So that one is forcibly shaped. (I meant to make a note about the dramatic shape which forces itself upon me) Vita: Stephen Tennant: Julian: Dressmaker: down to Rodmell to Whitsun. hunt) to the Paris Conference? Awakened ring up. Mrs Woolf yesterday talking admirable racy English. My head aches. The room bare, in this form to working. The last answer I read about Miss Daisy Knocklemeyer? letter. a daily maid whom Grace might have married - a decayed worker. What how can one give people up? The had been to Phyllis Thom - "And old Queen was led about. I signed it mechanically." There were letters, readers to see. But My people complained it was cold. Rabbit Phil without an ounce of flesh on them tales. Such hard work - a Gymkhana - And many won a prize. And I often ask myself, what have I got out of life? I have brought up good men, women - - -

Monday
6th June.

There is no doubt that the greatest happiness
in the world is walking thro' Regent's
Park on a green, but wet — green hot red
pink & blue every — the flower beds I
mean emerging from the general
misty rain — & making up, phlox
asters & little shrubs from little Mr.
Harvey among his clothes — He wants to
become a scene maker. to design the decors
for Strauss's ballet. He was trained in
the law at Rotenburg, but gave it up —
became some friend's [illegible] about
his designs — And now he's [illegible] like
a dead end. I want more hope — why
does this verse to that phrase, so they
tell me, worked 2 years, I walked
across Regent Park — not that I'm
[illegible] with my scene this morning: very
difficult on the contrary. But Rome
holds no greater excitement than this.
So that Mabel's terrible fancy for —
She broke the gramophone. "Pinkie's asleep
death — are somehow obliterated.
dinner, however, that whining &
complaining disagreeable Egon Ansorge
the Polish Count, rang up & bickered,
discreditably. I am boycotted by the
entire literary world — why I ask you
does the H.S. allude to me as Montalk?
Miss Rebecca West is the only writer who
calls me Count Potocki — a title I
become very [illegible] & wrapped in
him oh: but we were [illegible]. And
I had a deplorable letter from a stage

You & some decent agent who lives in an Avenue,
you who've had a book written on my Philosophy
by a Gentleman. The intercourse complex is
much as a bottle bird. And I can't read
Dante after a morning with my nurse - too hard.

Monday, What Monday — at Monks House - working very hard. I think
I shall rush these scenes off -
yet I cannot write this morning. (Monday) How
can I say, naturally. I have invented the
Jane & the Star.

Wednesday June 12th — I am so glad I am not lunching with Rebecca
West to meet Mrs E Jenkins; at the same
I am so sorry that I want to spend 3 days at
Monks House every fortnight: from Thursday
night till Monday morning
There are my troubles in a — the men
and when the workman put on too many coals.
And I think I've found a brush in that store.
In some way, it's rather like writing the Waves -
there last year. I bring my ham to a state
of congestion. Can't stop. Jump up stairs,
run into tousled Mrs Brewer: come back:
find a letter from Harold: come back:
Condensation. The contrast: the sleeping street
lovelier. Does this mean that I get good?
I feel I have a wound of great pallor &
red-up. I can only drag, sweat. It's
something like that. It's getting harder -
more intense - and then what a relief
when I have the other air scene - like
the one with Elena! only they have to
be condensed low. It's the proper placing
that strains me

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Pannicker & Morgan last night rather difficult. P. v
bubbling, always talking with a mild, sweet
Stare, like some animal with a black belt
& very white teeth. Then Morgan, evanescent,
piping, plaintive, rattly, faintly there. Had
been lunching with Rebecca: given
away plays. My bones ached - that cold
field picnic at Hyde Park with
Morgan divined that we would not
come to Paris. always divines the meaning
& then flits off - by a mattre d'hotel,
P. had stolen 2 books of his. He did
not like him. M. has a razor edge to his
mind. And he can't get on with
a talk. I guess, dis-enchanted, & then takes
on public work, which depresses him.
Or just to do: as R. West? I want to go
some reason - partly about fascism.
Clive rang up the money. We dine there
tonight. L. says "your" cook: which
annoys me. She must go. Nuthouse.
Then — I write now, go on with the
Queen. Finish it. The mood has come
back.

Saturday

Wed dined with Clive. I felt very kind of him:
He has great sympathy - as when, talking of
adieus, he said, He gets great pleasure now
from his children. When I praised Ann's
look, he bridled. "Yes. I'm very fond of
old Clive. And L. was charming, genial,
affable urbane. Clive read. I always
say Jane has cracked (time) we were
saying how many Reps & Lytton there are.

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June

He read Legouis thinks Nina the best painter in England, much better than Duncan. I wish now Isadora, but won't add - thinking of gifts in he? I mean when she has everything else. And my head is carpeted again. I wish not. So to Paris, because I should have a week's recovery: a few shy sweaty. I'm getting ahead with the Ps. No name suggests itself. Rebecca asks me to dine - the Clerks ask us to dine.

And so drumming with rain, & we are standing out to Phillips. This annoyed me - L's complex. "He's annoyed, that's why he hasn't walked" Finally, he got me to telephone last night. Thinking it might be awkward ... the bearded Philips who was annoyed "Virgin? No. I'm not head. But we should be delighted to see you" read Philip Cordially. So we are off, in this storm. And Nina never writes but why make up stories about one's relations? An odd family complex.

Sunday 16th June

So we drove to Wrenchendon thro the rain. I was very numb in the head & the way I saw things at a great distance. Which explains the tremendous fact, not its impact. Grey impressions. Landor spread about 17 men & made this way. Suddenly stop outside Buckmaster at Moor Park, an old stone great Lord

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Still kept an estab. Then Amersham, with the house
in the middle, rather like a pleasant version of an
Italian town: then a few bare-headed woods:
but always hovers. At last we came to the
Gate. There at the left in the green watery
light were the Children riding on Copper
Coloured horses. Joy rose under the
fleece. Bah, Phil. And the talk began.
They had found Cardinal Wolsey away in a
rubbish heap. Had them mounted into a
mantelpiece. But it was badly done & the
local stone mason. The front carving
injured. Tea. Proper maid. Children
drinking out of Jubilee mugs. We
Each have two a round Pippin - who looks up
under her eye. Many a Wayte now Chief
Civil Hopkins noted. Talk about the great
Gymkana. P. nelled £500. All the stalls
Lal paid. Jews for tea. And so on. Bah
has yellow front tooth: wears horn glasses.
Then we walked past the wicked Lord
home. But I don't like Parks. And B.
talked of horses: used to break them in:
Each ready: loves horses: used to teach
boys. running beside them: Jelled all
fighters & butchers rode horses. Riding
now a passion: all woodworks
Jack rode before breakfast. Has
2/- rides. Then we had on the horses.
The man sent them hired 20 hunters:
hunting on the hire system. One for
Lane, 1 rent back, another supplied by
Mrs. Wicks. Laughed at Glove & Flora:

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child not allowed to eat asparagus with knife. Result: family
Group: all great running. Tea, what I call
'natural life'. P. walked ahead & talked
politics with L. Children stopped. Asparagus
fever. Home: dinner at 7.30: & I slept
all the evening over the fire. I dreamt of
cutting my hand in a theatre, & a Polonius
with a ceremonies who had to entertain
people: & somehow Mrs. Clifford came in:
& I woke to find L standing over me. Sad
I have scrambled along this morning: & to night
we dine with Rhondda: but I am glad
going to Paris.

Tuesday
June 18th

Yesterday, instead of reading Tom Taylor in the
Cathedral, which, having run through & tested
my colour sense. I repent to be good. Tea I
had to give Ralph Partridge tea. Curious
lecture: grey coloured staring eyes: &
an air of nervous melancholy. Age 24 and.
hungry: only just neat enough to have
tea. A student named Kindersley with
grey eyes: & the profane Mayor telling
stories who have lived with savages.
Would go on & on & on.

I am so oppressed by the thought of all
the books I have to write that my head is
like a humming boiler. Ha an hour
ago, Mary Fay rang up to ask me to
open an Exh of Roger paintings at
Bristol: to speak for 15 minutes. Oh we

NYPL

should all love it.' she said. Then it appeared that they are counting on me to write a life. She is collecting babies. This morning there's a book (in the Lit Sup) complaining that women have dropped their sacred task. This stood me writing my Professions book. Helen tells me that the Archers are hurt that I never offered to write about Lytton. 'But I wanted to & they never asked me!' I said. Oh but they didn't like to suggest it — James says they do want it. And here I am wedged — no breezes — in a blasting room of faces at the end of my book which must be compacted & pulled out & turned & (this comes from my hair waving yesterday — from 2 to 4.45. a rather successful) And we are incessantly asked to dine lunch & 'see' people.

Tom last night: supple, subtle, sensible. Charming. Stayed till ~~to~~ 12.15. I never felt so much at my ease — He is a dear old fellow. one of us: and I felt I liked him as I liked Lytton & Roger — with infinite merits of God. First we talked the play. He stayed with Lady Ralegh. & she gave him Cocoa & Ovaltine but never said a word about the play. There was a canon there. And they looked out of the window & saw 3 girls in very short shorts, naked legs & bottoms & go into the Cathedral.

NYPL

encourage them" said Lady R- firmly. "I am in favour of St Paul if one must be rational" said Tom - Now tell me about the marriages view of Germany." We made a good dinner. And he said he liked Stephen - "What a charming person in many ways" no, I think he didn't. Even Judith's remark so kind has he become. "Caudex" a pompous rabbited haired boy". Jones plays extremely good, but superficial. Rock figures: sort of Punch figures..." Stubbleton Jones. A story about a party to entertain the Reads. Ludo the tailor & German friend. Tom bought fireworks: Roger that chocolate & biscuit small fish; 2 chocolates that he thought were fish & sandwich. "Now my friends" he said. "And here make the chocolates were fish & soap." They set on me... And I was not a success. So much so that I stopped the fireworks, until they were going. Then let them off in the doorway. And Tom Herbert had to pay for a cab from Miss Garden's Hamstead" Miss was very among. not as swift as usual. I made cigarettes. Tom drank whisky. I mind & was at my case. Tom wants to give me all her works, but I didn't read them - would always have me all her works.

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The Bees are swarming this week end. A Boy
Jos about in Round Towers with a net over
his head, very self-important. "I'm going
to be a friend to help me to-night. We shall
Cut out the Queen" he's just said.
What suddenly become fine summer drowsy,
Murmuring, with busy bees. The cuckoo
Calling in the elm tree at 3 o'clock this
morning so that I had to stop my ears.
The heat came suddenly as we walked
by the river on Friday. And the field
Sorrel is red with something that bottles
flowers in the hay. The hedgerows—
People come out at 4 or 5 to pick them.
Instead of surveying it in a limited
Uroom of pleasure. Mutrated by
Scenes from my book. W. W. - Hurled
Came to be: the stumbled on the
drowsy, wound her ankle. Then there
were figures passing the window - Jack -
Jeremy: whereupon the host - all intent in
the. poor old lady, thinking that no
one would listen to her family woes:
She cannot stretch to take in any stranger.
But, after hoping that the garden was
the best they had ever seen, they went
on to the Opera. Monty Shearman was
strolling, all in black, outside. Harold
Mr W. - I continued our rather
bubbling conversation: about highbrows,
& then about Maids, & the hotel.
Heard all about Li father, & how he

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did not take silk till he was 45, & then made
his name over — I forget what case; to it
Come over & over again. The story then life with-
the usual Comments. "And I ask myself what
for? And I am now so lonely. I have lived
alone so many years now ... " which I
mechanically turn all upon Bella: who
has been is now Queen of Monte Carlo. She is
very ambitious. And so wonderfully
tactful. And so popular. What dress
did she wear? A beautiful white taffeta.
Tom was so generous — the day her name
was to spend on clothes. She has to
have so many. In the old days she
did not mind how she dressed. Before
lower Broad, sitting in the terrace before
this house — very successful on a sultry
Italian on a hot day.
Why does the table mean nothing to me
that I can't write on, at 6.30. to do
as they but march up & down the terrace?
Powerful lady. She has servants regularly
carries some animal with a white
belly, & white gloves. Harold
brings his horse down on a trailer —
rides on the downs. The horse is fed
by an automatic feeder invented by
himself. He has given up his
yacht, as Alice disliked it. L:
huge new chateau was lent by the
newspaper the story of Miss
Wightman. She wears her Caillou
mackintosh, & nothing underneath. Her
Gelbey old, & comes to tea. She is a bore, &

NYPL

has won a medal from the King which she keeps in a red morocco case. The newspaper has seen it.

25th June. A curious & rather unpleasant scene with Mabel. She was in tears, because Mr Woods never believes a word she says. And there is truth in it. She is very hard on people; especially on the servant class. No sympathy with them - Gaetano; despotic. So I told him yesterday, when he'd complained about the cobbler. "If I might even say when the cobbler had me - the extreme regularity of mind surprises me; I mean in its relation to others: his severity: not to say cruelty. But then? Get up & come him: what does it come from? Nothing a gentleman partly: unpleasant in the presence of the lower classes: always snubbing them: never genial with them. Phelps & Edgar are the same. His dearest pupil. to dominate. Love & power. And then he waits against it. At this What left him ajar. for it doesn't matter, to me; in our relationship: for I hate people noticing it: Nina: Jadie: even Kingsley Martin - who all admire & respect him. An intensely study. Yet with great justice, in some ways: & singularly true: & always good things: but this is private & very difficult character. I must now get rid of Mabel. I find another. Then now has precipitated it & given me a good excuse for sacking her: but I feel it unfair on her.

NYPL

Thursday
June 27th

A good thing for old Bloomsbury to be shaken up no doubt: a good thing to dine with R. West & Mr Andrews last night in their flat on P. Sq.[a]. with the view, with the £750 book case, & the fish carved out of a yew branch, & the modern pictures, period furniture. Letter boy in the week & wheels dust work (no die Arnold Bennetts – Jan have to poke with a stick) But the electric light in the coat cupboard does work. And what's wrong? The plumbers now – the men can any again: I mean starting out – difference, a letter hope imperceptible. Gloom & adamata in its way – impersonal. Breezy, yes, so ahead facey life. Eating dinner at Savoy, meeting millionaires, woman & man of the worldly: but – no, I must add the Andrews intelligence & erudition & the admirable Effie's wheatsheaf woollen eyed Andrews – The cultivated don & famed banker, with her devotion to R Cecily. he calls her for whom he buys them fish & bothers – 'what's wrong then? where does the gas escape? Whether the symptoms. The formality. The social strata they live on – afterwards in the sportily moved way: The remi of Now we're having a dinner party & must talk till 11: tomorrow another Hotchkiss & American publisher. & the brothers. Nothing said Clay

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naturalness or spontaneity. Yet that not such so:
that one cd. go on having dinner every night
& never know each other better. No
intimacy at the end of that Oxford Street.
And I wear a little drenched in my own
steam — why? Because … did they
differentiate me from other people? No.
Or Lascaux? But then cut this
Bloomsbury concert — our domestic refinement!
I went on the roof with Andrews & saw all
London — a magnificent metropolis —
so touched up. so ornate. so continental
& cosmopolitan at night in that quarter:
Above Oxford Street. Above Hyde Park,
Chats the new Lyons block of flats.
And the West End squares: & oblongs
of white light, & yellow light inside
the flats. The tossed face of Ottilie —
Steeples & cranes: all very impressive: very
foreign, like Mrs Jarbury
little sharp face: so radiant — & so
blown about. I met Graham Cams,
a little fuddled: had drunk too much
I think: made heavy weather with R.
The hair great whorls: is a broad
browed rosy person, understrung woman:
but a battler & a hopeful: has taken the
waves. Supposing I can talk in any
language: when then this reine of her boy a
kept up modern block. Floodlit by
electricity?

NYPL

28th June.

But dinner with the Cecils last night was very poor: free & rambling room; they were all dressed for a party at the Herberts. Orijo was there: whom I like. She is young, tremulous, nervous - very - pretty a little - but heartless: very blue eyed. Hare already discarded her - how she came to tea. Asphew, then clean & pucker he feet up. Talk Yeats - (I hope) did not try to be brilliant?) Rachel very diaphanous. Temple, small, with Molly's look. Some g Demands humour. Wanes growing domed a bald; his hair rubbed. We talked about: fear of people: parties; they were all afraid: he well, knew: Egbert such a nervous host: the felt felt. Dolphin: rank: up in the drawing room, Orijo (her name is his) sat down on purpose I think to see, & he dear was (for his) not to see, say? - she has read my book, & was (some such) stumbles Lutheranism: so) made a rent. & talked about waiting, spilling out ideas. Yes Kent The lives near Hena, in perfect country: The talk & the rooms: harvest: we hay: We are with peasants: have a feast. We have feast all soon. And we talked about biography, Lehroni but with danced pricking up his ears across the room. so he had to be drawn in; I think we have said the same thing before - about the relevant facts: biography as an art. Then the door opened & in came Leo Myers. like a Du Maurier drawing;

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such a perfect white waistcoat. (Must not change — oh dear, when I have such nice clothes now) & his Greyfield distinguished head. But he still looks like a Sleepy Viper. Well then we talked about novels: & could one write down thoughts for a whole day? He had done this. 1 am stop. He does not keep a notebook. What shall he do about our biographies? Can one upon talk? Fear. He is always afraid. And & Diego was silent for half an hour, because of going to the party. But she would love her tea after the entry was over. Leo will be unhappy the next morning. Why does one do these things? Because this is life, after all. One does has to. & the — in the street David read that M is in love with Iris. That was why he had come. The Sleepy Viper with white waistcoat. Li looks pretty now: & he is cheerful. very content, in his way, about Mabell Here he comes in about the question of Ethel wanting an introduction to Brewster Wark. And Vita wants that Given has to have a terrible operation. And hers does not walk. And after thunder & heat — Cold & hot again. & in an access of Jaundice we have lent Monks House to Clifford Bennant. Thank God we are alone this week end.

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Sunday
June 30th

We went to Swakeleys Farm yesterday & bought a dog - Sally. She has a fine domed head; is like a three q black diamonds very globular eyes: a bloodhound muzzle: very affectionate, nibble. 13 months old, class 2, breed. climbs on to her chair. is afraid of the basement stairs. She cost £4 - dear me. Still as we say. it was to have a good dog and we shall breed from her. She is very distinguished looking. The only question is, has she intelligence? She has already her own rather gentle whimsical manner - fumbles, paws: is lively, more nervous, perhaps less wild & character than Pinka. But so far she has no marked fault, unless she is perhaps jealous about her food. Had we more been the 18th q an inch longer. She would have been a champion like her sire, who fetched £2, or £300.

Mr Lloyd is a great expert. He lives in a fine villa residence. That is, what an old farm: has 1701 on the chimney & the room where we waited very comfortably modernized: with all the cosy chairs, books, &c. carpets, covered with pictures, in what are perhaps chromos. He has made a very fine place for himself out of this very fine piece for cockers

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little person" he said. So did the kennel man. They have their carriage. It was terribly hot. The garden had such charming paving: all the image you garden work & coarse strikingly in keeping here to Deal with so many different selves. There the one that enjoys external life - like the new visit when my enjoyed external life - the mild fluent chatter of the Buchans. Yes. I did enjoy it. I liked the simplicity the sweetness. the release. the expansion. and I - "they spend their money getting on - that is why they governess governed" I think that not true. But how queer to have so many selves - how bewildering!

Monday 15th July

I have let the days slip I see, a good thing no doubt, as this book is too full; but I have left out a good many encounters; my visit to the Buchans, a strenuous day, when I bore saddled; & we went to Monks House, where, as I have not noted, Stephen Tennant was planted: & came & talked, happily gone to Piddinghoe, though: & I left: then there was the heat wave - still indomitably with us; & then Odette & Clive & the Bernans - the a Paris tart, with eyebrows elongated like antennae, to give her the likeness ga bird in flight, the bring ah la speed & vengeance, venom & vice - not a woman I like: & Clive charred, nor did the like meeting anyone who knew her ways. Gerald to me grown commonplace &

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dried, like one of those hams or tongues that hang in
country grocery shops: always, too, uncannily
reverting to his book, which was only by way of
lesson & treat: indeed he spent some time reading
up fact about rogues in the Bar. Mrs. Bat—is
fatal to try to secure his works. His wife is a
rather faded but very nice, genuine—
simple American: & they go back to their
lovely Malaga home, where Gerald has, as he
rather ostentatiously intimated, his illegitimate
Children. There, in an English Colony, they
can live patriarchally on £200 a year: & he
can in ever-time fumble over his books:
looking, poor man, with those abstracted white
Eyes for the right word. But it was a
jaunty Evening, during which, by the way,
round the corner at the Burtons, Francis
Partridge Jane birth to a son: or rather had him
cut out: & all went well. All this
time the Bristol Hush was weighing on me,
& making me unable to get into my swing
for the last lap: so I shut down, wrote it,
learnt it, said it, & went to Bristol,
the hottest day of the year on Friday, & said
it, drafting, to a large, but not think very
appreciative audience. It puzzles me why such
Derbyites, crying up so much nerve power,
should be needed. There was Rogie,
face on the canvas, smiling at me.
But oh the heavenly relief when we
drove off in the hot evening to Bradford-
Avon, & slept the night in an ancient

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workhouse in the valley, with a disordered garden, a stream
with rotting sacks & old clothes, & the usual
elderly ladies. Retired business men, spaniels,
trembling landladies &c &c. And then, with a
divine inspiration, we made across Avebury to
Lechlade; went to Fairford & found the
Carnival bursting outside the church with
the painted windows, had tea ad. lib:
the kettle in enamel jugs. the sugar in
zinc bath tubs, under the trees: the light at
Lechlade, walked by the river, saw the moon
rise, like a rose petal, & yesterday drove to
Kilmscot & peeped over the wall. In
this country everything is made of silver grey
flaky stone, & the houses, churches round,
with their little gables, all crowded,
cream coloured, with lovely, with haystacks, & the
river flowing in the flat green meadows, all
untouched, beyond the builders ring, which
begins at Abingdon. & then left London
all the former red brick Georgian:
Reverne, that is gramophones, girls in
flowers, young men in shorts, all noisy
& strident, & a bitter indictment — a bad
lunch at the Queens hotel, & so home
here. Now must I forget Mr Ellis
Roberts, not that he is attractive, an
inky little body, undernourished man, who came
to ask me to be President of the P.E.N. is
succession to Wells. This great honour,
unanimously offered me terribly embarrasses.
would involve meeting authors. for which

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Tuesday 16th July

person apparently it gets — that authors should meet & discuss each others works. With E.R. in front of me — but no: how could anyone invent such a part, how could anyone accept it? He pretended, how worm, to feel as I did; which was a lie. And now, with a brain washed cool & rid of that unbearable stench, I must dream myself back into my own world — rather a touch & go proceedings: but as we are getting warmed, the end must come. & whether it good or bad, Heaven knows.

a curious sense of complete failure. Mary hasn't written to me about my speech: according to Janie Pamela thought the whole thing a failure. And even for this book I missed my last page! I can't write this morning. Can't concentrate the wrong movements, about getting people to come & soon. affect me. My head is all jangled. And I have to get them — I speech printed, & refuse to. The December, has written. Never again, oh never again!

I think that I can get the last pages right. & I can also dream myself back into then. Yes. but how dream. when I have to be Janie, Chief, & Mrs Belcher's home, to ring up, & write notes & order the other? week, he still & terminate; & only 16th: there a fortnight before August. And I'm sure that there is a remarkable shape somewhere concealed there. It's not more verbage, I think. If necessary

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I could put it away. But I think no, merely go on & perhaps write a very rapid short sketch, in ink — that's a good plan. Go back for the central idea, & then rocket into it. And be very controlled, & keep a hand on myself too. And perhaps read a little Shakespeare. Yes, one of the last plays: I think I could do that. To ease down my muscles. But oh this anxiety. The perpetual knocking of the cogs out of my hand.

Wednesday 17th July

Last night as I was sitting alone, & dining with the Bakers, there were three rings. I went down, & in Julian who said "I have been given a professorship in China": it was very much quoted, rather alarmed, naturally — I mean that he must start in the middle of August, spend 3 years in China at Wu Sung, a some such place, alone on a flooded river. So we talked — intimately, I mean about the past & our lives. For the last time. I'm very busy & get quite absorbed — a pretty young man. Stiff, obviously this is his first real experience. He had to speak all in English, obviously thinking out every answer. A French café from 'long. He used the stoke with almost too much common sense. But he had always determined not to let his private life shackle him. Then he will travel about China & write books.

back a full grown mature man, with a place in
the world- He wants to write in Politics -
Philosophy & to enter politics seriously.
He says politics have got more & more on his
conscience. Weighs on the conscience & all his
generation- So he can't be merely a poet, a
novelist. I see his dilemma. So he goes.
& I'm sorry. Nice fear. He will be
thirty - 1956. alas.
Just now I finished my last words stepping
Found the book comes to 740 ms pages - that is
~~1500 to~~ 140,000 words - but
think I can shorten - all the last part is
still rudimentary, I want to bake - but I'm
too tired in the head to do it seriously
this moment. I think all the same I
can redeem it - & then - ? Dear me,
see why I fled, after the Wars. to Flect.
One wants simply to return a blank -
throw stones. I want also to read
with a free mind. And to let the
unutterable swoon themselves out.
Duncan. Ethel. Then Julian - so I talked
from 4.30 till I am with only 2 hours
for dinner & silence.
When we left the last chapter Ted he
formed round N.S. Week: & much
much more formal; - I think you
how I can bring in interludes - Mean
Chaos & silence, & poetry & contrast.

19th July

No. I do on getting preliminary headaches. It is no good trying to do the best thing which should be much like a breeze in the heavy Elms. There last night, here yes, a wind blowing in the tree that are thick with green leaves. For there must be movement as well as some weight, something for the breeze to lift. And we have Edith & Eddie Ramsay & Ottoline & Julian & Quentin to tea. Saturday we went to tea with Mr & Mrs Strachey. Coming out we said, we had the technical phrase — the best I can remember it — that they have the world they want. Bedroom suites are made for them. — ah Tot Court Road is there. The wonder is to them — liking. And gramophones & cars & cutlery, & table centres. All, then they have a type, a generic, without any rhythm. Stamfordham is a wizened parched little man, under her thumb, a clerk in the Customs, who deals with tea. I thought them rather engaging, so pleased with having what everyone has. And Mrs B. on the verge to be called, is just on top of Mr Lehmann. Patted my shoulder — No snobbishness. No sense of class differences. And Lucie has helped them to electric toasters: I mean them like materially is much freer a socio than ours at Hyde Park Gate. The only room she did not show us was the we — We saw her wedding dress — a pale pink. The other not mean to have children.

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Saturday
20th July

But it turned out very well tortures: headache
stopped – we walked in Regents Park in the rain –
Old Edith singular – very. with her great bald
face – it's more of rather reddish brown – it
looks so red hair. so beautiful in some
lights – like thin fan shaped hands when
between. timid, affectedly. attached to
their large fat clumsy body in a black
rather sack like dress. She has great
wit, some sharp edge & character
quite decided. knows her mind. The maid
is rough old demon, talks about W. Lewis
who used to paint her. letting her in, when
I knock the door. Who have you been seeing?
Clive Bell! And he wore a patch over
one eye, watched them to another. or he
darkened the room. He has a jaggy rambly
barbaric mind; a good deal of Henry
humanity. became Ottoline; rather
Sandi, not so much in the mind at
the entry. Edith very good between
Miss Julia, with her hooves. Quentin:
Vivien all demonstration on Edith's part
Done for an amusement very delicate attentions.
And something drenched & feeble. She has
to get up at 7 to write about Queen Victoria
at the same bedding & dash he makes who is a
magician. something fielding about her humbug.
& yet a lady of quality. The horrid
medoke clan were round Old Edith closed
her Leaden like a Plantagenet tomb
round Ott. to the door, with her left
row in the air. & her thin legs & he bitter
bleary eyes – very Mediaeval. Ottoline
and Jan Coudert had Vivien in India – two remote.

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Saturday
Aug 3rd

both that remark & Ots. about not reading
Th. in India I broke off my London
Summer abruptly; though it flattered study
art in great style with a dinner & John-
a reconciliation dinner - & the Burleys,
at which he laughed so loud & fine that
my restraint went; & I talked French & Lemon,
& went round to the Bury, & saw Clive
like a white robin redbreast, all fat &
jaunty & a party at the Courtaulds: but
I do stay seldom, he said in a hurt,
when Lemon chaffed him. Mon cher -
vous êtes arrivé. So the
Summer ended: & now others again here, with
Nera back; Charleston in prog. Though
rather intermittent, with dinners in Rome
with, Clive going to pass, Duncan to Chenil, &
Nera proposing to paint the Queen Mary
London. And the harvest is pondrous
orange on the hill, & the country divinely
Coloured ripe ash Coloured & gold, as
Came though Nerbaum stone up the river.
Nera Came about a Cable to China; &
we called in at Charleston to suggest -
what it no use foreseeing my rather
dissipated mind to find - for. by way of
Jaunt from the book - the unchartered
book - I took a flight into Norfolk
this - & here I broke off. to go. Rede
the proof I think.

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16th Aug.

I cannot make a single note here, because I am so terrifically pressed re-writing – &c, typing out again at the rate of November, 97 100 pages a week this unbearable clinical book. I work without looking up till one: what it now is, & how/ever I must go on, leaving a whole heap of things unsaid: so many people, so many scenes, a beauty, & a lot of sudden ideas.

21st Aug.

Up in London yesterday and I saw this about myself in a book at the Times – the most patient & anti-authoress & ardent – which I think is true, incidentally how I stare at every word of that book. My head is like a – pudding, is it – something that like a muddy knob & can't breed a word at the end of the morning. I begin fresh enough. And I sent off the first 20 pages or so to Mabel yesterday. Nancy Fry comes on Friday with her hand full of papers. She says. Another book. Have I the unconscionable courage to start on another? Think of the writing, re-writing. Also there will be days & days of Easter's Thought. Again very hot. Jean going to repaint this room. I went to Cobbenhurst yesterday – chore chambers. Is this work waiting? Perhaps.

Harvest all ready. Blackberries ripe.
No mushrooms. Abyssinia.
Cabinet summoned. Sitting today.
Should like to be old Baldwin!
returning from Aix in this heat. L. has indigestion. Metz spent the night on the pre-Jarvis left the door ajar. We have an Electric stove.

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Thursday
22nd Aug.

worked in the morning. Finished Marryat. Went to Lewes, very hot day; a bought Stones. also Dickens. Read went to the County Library; talk of books. So hot after tea: walked along the river bank: a game of bowls; heating; dined with Keppels. Maynard not well. rather dump. talk. He went. Talk of Abyssinia. Thunderstorm at 3.30. L. made me come & sleep in the upstairs room. Wrote me that I will call this book, Other Peoples Houses.

Thursday
29th Aug.

I had meant to write an awful long letter daily, but have never had time. My brain all tossy after the morning's work. Julian is leaving Newhaven at the moment I suppose for 3 days. I have been doing the same of Clarence's day with the usual pays & certain. On Monday we went to Lunesheat: lost (!) Thursday & the meat on the top of the car. Saw the great new room - Vita in trousers. Rather woke my afternoon's rest. Harold gave me Mrs. Lindbergh's book. Woke my moments observation- to write P & P- by telling me how a room of ones own is regarded in my American fame. The big Alsatian hunting: the pink towers & the rain on the leaves. L. said, talking as he had not heard of Anna Ceylon. He to dine at Charleston. Julian a little depressed. Duncan laughing about Lady Blanche— his name to G. W. Stokes. Grouse. Nessa complaining. Quentin in bed with throat. Very happy. Kenneth & Virginia the dark garden. We thank & bought Chenil. at last that 20. to Watergate the painting. yesterday by

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drowsy. walked the Tenham grove & river walk.
L. came to meet me & mend me. Lower child
attacked by dog. Took it to Lewes. Mr
Hancock brought in with injured leg. very
bad. Back at night. Man blazy about
fainted in the middle. Hear news intolerable.
I won one game & bowls out of 3.
Reading Miss Mole, Abbé Dimnet (good)
an allegorical bits at Hind, Panther
but brain too expanded. Oh to be done with
the book & my own writing again. Piles of
Paper papers sent by Magery. a whole box.
I have now 3 large boxes, but dare not
look in, & am terribly obsessed by P. & P.

Friday 30th August:

For a wonder, my head is clear, & my hand
does not shake; but then I've been doing the
Law Courts passage, which went easily. an
other air passage. Now the back wants to
very good. Last night they sung the Belgian
anthem at the Play - at any rate full was
Queen: & after that, the news under an assumed
in his most penetrating with wonderful sorrow
voice. The death of the Queen in a motor
accident. The car ran off the road into a
tree, & she was flung out; struck her head.
The King kissed her, as he did "& as I
could not do anything, I went on" says the
most trustworthy observer, a passer by,
this morning. That, in its way, is a
tragedy. Mr. Baird had a fit
after having tea at Southease.
Disturbance — the colour is too blue, but
better than the green. then we walked to the

Saturday
31st Aug.

rivers, played bowls, & now expect, alas, as I'm in the dream, a heavenly & the most ferocious description, & it's a blowing raw cold day too; the Wolves, Hugh Jones, Angelica & Eve. Not much pleasure to be had, & a tired brain tomorrow; but as I often say — what do I often say? something to the effect that one must always take up one's steeds, even as a matter of art. Could I be alone, & write, walk & read, perhaps — but no, I admit the thought at the moment has nothing but heavenly delight in it. As it is, off to Lewes, begin cake; arrange the room; put the Kettle on. Enter Mrs W. Mind the rhebarb.

Only the Wolves came however. Torrents, Floods — rain & wind. Edgar like a corpse — such pleasant ones either. Yawned behind his hand. Sylvia nervous, Cat sad, making conversation. Charles about gold fish drops & cars. Mrs Woolf valiant: I dismiss usual owl work & the sound, as my reward. There was no talk the engaged man. went to Lewes first in the flood, without a rain coat; went to Helen Burgess, two nervous twittering spinsters in a panelled room, about servants: want a 3 day a week girl. Called at Mount Street Olivier's out. Hugh waited an hour at Southease: went home. Angelica did not come. Miserably ate the pauly was damp, dismal, Tilly told 6.30 in the dining room. How it rains, said Mrs W. The tap had overflowed: the window. kettle of water. Read Hind & Panther. D.H.L. by L (Gould), slept. ~~At~~

Enc[losure] talking about Aby Sinnett, wh.

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I cannot spell, nor can I form letters, though the money has been spent — £.s Pounds — too fluent.
A blowing grey day, laden with water.

Wednesday 4th Sept.

The most critical day since Aug 4th 1914. So the happier way. In London yesterday. Writing chalked up all over the walls. "Don't fight for foreigners. Britons should mind her own business." Was a circle with a Symbol in it. Fascist propaganda, L. said. Morley again active. The Queen of B's funeral. Flags at half mast. Bought an umbrella for 25/- The first good umbrella I've had for years. Shan in the bus saw it was new, with a tasted. L. saw Mrs Swinstead Smith, a very nervous, mia. and shabby woman, grey-veil; her first book; Certainly almost published, but tried off on Commercial Strand. We are going to do it that. The lure at Semen in a cottage. rent £12 a year. I went to Lr Sqre & bought silk for nightgown. Market at the Flat, very confident. Hot, windy. Home to Grove Early. Now pouring. Letter from Denny a silly fussy letter. Has a row. Nature. She wants more than she talks. Rehabs it. writing to me. And Queen Leaves also wants a specific letter. Drawing attention to Life as We have known it: What Mrs Manual, Sending. All they can do is to School master. Oh how it pours! I used my umbrella for the first time to cross the garden. Cant write today. I rest one again yesterday. Nessa & London. We saw a make eating a toad: It had had the toad in, hay out: saw a such now & then. The toad slowly disappears L. poked it sad; the snake was sick & then Crushed toad, & I dreamt of men committing suicide & cd. see the body shadowy though the water

And I think I will call the book "The Years"

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5th Sept.

I've had to give up writing the year – that what it to be called – this morning. Absolutely floored. Sally in bed. Can't pump up a word. Yet I can see, just. that something there; so I shall wait, a day or two, & let the well fill. It has to be damned deep this time – 140 pages in it. Maint. psychologically. This is the adventure of my adventures. Helping brain dies completely: but I've only to turn over, & there the other half, I think, ready, quite happily to write a little article. Oh if only anyone knew anything about the brain. And, even today, when I'm desperate, almost in tears looking at the chapter, unable to add to it, I feel I've only got to jumble, find the end of the ball of string – some part of plan, some one to look at Sam perhaps – no, I don't know. – My head would fill & the tiredness go. But I've been waking, worrying. Bothered about Li indigestion, his loss of weight, with the apple picking in the Cities meeting autumn coming on.

A very sensational voice on the loud speaker last night. M. closes the door. Deep disarmament. What next? ie But the papers this morning are less melodramatic, & incline to think that the affair will drag on indecided for some time. I was also in a stew about war & patriotism last night. And when it comes to my thinking about my country! Thank God. John Bailey's life is out. I shall seek consolation there. And write about Mrs Lindbergh?

6th Sept.

I am going to wrap my brain in green cloth leaves for a few days: 5, if I can hold out; till the children, Dr Nicholson, have gone. If I can — for I think a scene is coming. Why not make an easier transition: suppose looking at the Serpentine say: to avoid that abrupt opening? Just to add that this was the scene I had almost a fit to prevent myself writing? This will be the most exciting thing I ever wrote. I keep saying. And now to the stumbling block. I wonder why? Is it too personal, is that it? Not as key? But I want Hugh — a Flutter, & Charles's engagements: Nessa, Stephen. Ethel, then the children: a L., and I know, in very touchy dear love, about his family: an inferiority complex, I call it, thinking how much more vigorous & interesting my relations are: meaning Julian: yes. Still what odd is how nice people are: children always. To think we shall have done & have to face up to 40 hours. Hugh, like Pippa about the nose & eyes, Angel & Eve & G. to tea yesterday. Books & archery. Into Lewes, shopping, which I dislike — Sat Mrs Thornett to town: Sandy clean skinned: was distempering kitchen, bright green: rather a good Colour. I must get Roger to make my curtain. Reading Ann Veronica: fair, but dull; a Stella Benson but I'm hard on novels, & an old di called Sallie, & Dryden. & Aspern. How soon one gets the hang of a written language! My style? Chunks — the shape of the sentence. Violent wind & rain: violent sun & light: & they soon talking, threatening, advancing & retreating at Geneva — Look how clear my hand is when I don't write fiction of a morning. Head cool now at 1 instead of parboiled

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7th Sept.

a heavenly quiet morning reading Alfieri by the open window & not writing. I believe one could get back to the old rapture of reading if one did not write. The difficulty is, writing makes one brain so hot & tired that little to read: & then when the heat goes, I'm so tired in the head, I can only skirmish. But I've stopped 2 days now. The Jean: & feel the power to retain calmly & firmly in book, coming back at once. John Barleycorn life, Come today, makes me doubt Morph- what? Everything. Sound like a morose sophist asking under a mattress. But I've only just glanced & got the smell of Let-dinner. Let-dog, Let-the-Chat & the other- & one remark to the effect that Virginia Woolf & all people, has been given Cowper by Bernard, & likes it! I, who read Cowper when I was 15- I-d nonsense.

Monday 10th Sept

A not so heavenly morning. Children staying here. Chatt. & in a stew about Stephen- whether he wants to come: why have I. 3 times & not known. Maureen. A very old, sorry, but not serious story. And yet how foolish to have even there disagreement: & yet I suppose how inevitable- magnets what draw other little straws along. Can I read, write a thank though, going for a bicycle, & the children- via Lady Undertongued Hall-Mastery. Yet how quick & hard & unexpected children minds are. Everything makes 10 inches clear quickly: their school: the maid who's in love with the gardener: a schedule not to mind as a barometer: the rank of the girls Fathers: the whole of society in one drop.

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Fred Tuesday
Sept. 12th

mornings which are neither quiet nor heavenly, but
mixed of hell & ecstasy. Never have I had such a hot
balloon in my head as re-wearing the gear;
because it's so long; & the pleasure is so terrible.
But I work me ass off my arse to keep my head
sane. I will stop writing at 11.30. & read
Italian or Dryden & so dandle myself along.
To Ethel at Miss Hudson yesterday. (As I sat in
the complete English Gentleman's home, I
wondered how anybody could tolerate that
Equipage; & thought how a horse should
be portable like a meal sheet. In
future perhaps people will start out
~~living~~ house like silver Jews; & so on.
There will be no debts, like written walls.
There were endless clean, well aired
rooms. A maid in a cap. Cakes on
pagoda tray. A terrible array of
glossy brown furniture, & books — red
Morocco leather. Many nice old rooms,
but the manor house has been
embellished & made a comfortable
country seat. A bath room: a
library — surely. But Miss Hudson
all brushed up with her Pekinese, a
complacent & major of Eastbourne, with
waved grey hair, & ah so neat &
stout: & the silver frames askew; & the
air of order indescribably, commonplace.
"I'm going back on the 11 o'clock with"
Ethel unmercifully red & stout: charming
one, her old woman, the usual
indelectable egotism about dear
her Max. She must have a sane every
six months. No. But of course, to be dear
to be 76 — well, back to Charlotte with
Eve & Stephen. And we called on the
Wigrams & watched Stephen off.

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Friday 13th Sept.

what a combination for the Inheritance! Driving off to visit Margaret Leman at Dorking. & I have fortune a mild flood I think with the Steam. The difficulty is always at the beginning of channels a bottom where a whole new mood has to be caught & plumb in the centre. Richmond accepts my Margaret & thanks me for his lovely little knighthood! L. is made all vexed by that d-d fool Brecon's complaints about the photographs. To make matters worse, Dr. Mary Gordon rings up to bother us about her life of the Ladies of Llangollen; & it has turned grey & windy. Am I to ask Angelica or not? There are my troubles, as the man said... Yesterday L. took the car in; had (Lil) in making up scenes: this began in the middle of last night) then we walked to Leave, & found the new way, after all these years, under the Canal, under the Bridge. And home to bowls, & real exhibit. Lady Lane & Lois. Life of Mrs Stopford &c. £200 a man could live on £200 a year & she lived at home.

Sunday Sept. 15

A terrific downpour. Never was such rain, I think, as this year. Autumn showing through Autumn. Leaves dripping through the rain. A queer book, Hope's life - so neat, discreet, somehow dated. An Edwardian world making £10,000 a year & keeping books in 10 years very much in the mood, like a dear Kawai: yet curious, depressed: much left out? Queer: only a decorous shell, sitting rocking a gold knobbed cane by the Row. But genuine in its well bred way. I am thinking I will

NYPL

broach the three boxes of Paper: very steadily, merely
beginning to drop a few facts into my brain.
Indeed I must, as people want letters now a-
days I mean I will not let it bring me into
Excitement. I will keep a page for my P.P.
Letter book. Anthony Hope lived in dread of
Fancy Stationery. I don't think I ever envisage
that as a possibility. I always say on the
contrary. Shall I ever have time enough to
write out all that is in my head? A
much happier state: though suppose what is
my head becomes Fallen & feeble? But
why should it? Not if I vary it
sufficiently: what with pamphlets,
criticism, poetry, fiction, & as I think
play perhaps. But then I'm a very slow
worker. He did his book yearly. And
the Year (that name is typed; drafted like a
billiard ball into a pocket) will have
taken me very nearly 3 years — say)
finish it by Christmas. And [illegible]
think, necessarily, of dying.
Vera, Duncan are to come to tea;
Cynthia, Eve to stay the night: then
London. & the Labour Party tomorrow.
So the summer ends itself. A very
hard working summer.
We are in a pale yellow house, fitted as compactly
as a ship's Cabin — fires let into the
walls — baths turning into cupboards — & lie —
in a wood. Very nice to operate the
sitting room, a spotted woodpecker. The
heat knew what silly pretty Surrey country:
Milk in a cup: L. very blind. We had to
walk to stay, they were so charmed by talk,

NYPL

that we last saw said they the utmost friendship
that ever grew. And had to see over the house
a pile of dull 18th Century classes that I
want to sell. All thick: span: very blue &
yellow. His melodramatic head taste surprising.
We drove through Rusper. Other small deserted
Surrey towns lying quiet in autumn, among
hedges: merely country. Now to work
letter after letter. But I can't even the garden is
this rain. Percy has to hide. Even the
Church bells. Think, don't ring a black bird
digging in the grass. And the rooks cawing
through the down rush; through the mist of
rain.

Tuesday
Sept. 17th

So they came: I mean all the Bells. a Jane
Growing a little elderly, showing her Grandfather
the Rose maker, but very sagely dressed; a
coloured comforter round her neck; a chic
little knitted cap, & a black coat with
silver buttons. Quentin like a large
red & white sheep dog. Eye very
pretty; moves like with her painted
twitching nose. When I woke her
early next morning she looked just like a
white sleeping mouse. Angelica suddenly
appeared. I think I did not get enough
flow into the drawing. & the thought
why did I want to come?
Garden splendid: a violent storm & wind all
night. Eaten a letter & apple & hazel
Percy busy staking up trees.

It was a terrible storm; a storm to mark. I suppose.
All the trees chocolate brown on the wind side:
little leaves like chopped potatoes. We went to-
Sealord, near the sepulcrum & which was over
the lighthouse. The cars were stopped by
a policeman. Sea coming over the road.
(I spend 5 minutes making up the fire,
which is now going strong: only then we have
Tom in the week end as usual)
People were standing under the shelter of the
Buckle Inn. I went creeping round while it
took a photograph. I saw the people standing
in the upper window, looking out: peeping (&
Century: the lower windows & Cellars boarded
up. Clive Inglis & G. Jenkins - I'm
ashamed to say I had longed for the week to be
all alone: reading: never. Had a great week
all this summer, & the calm showed be-
& even a happy mean apprehension.
went to Lewes: bought a cake: left the car,
tied walking home: fine but a great
tearing wind: so stopped at Ward & took the
bus. Poor old Clive a little battered
I thought. A grey tuft. He has a curious
antipathy / premature age, sometimes: I
suppose when the top doesn't spin: He had
been young round Grace with Dudie, Shepherd,
aristocrats, schoolmates, was impressed
by the beauty; enjoyed hugely vastly. Must
have done his work so strenuously. was very
nice, I've no doubt, & had dined Jeff knows
with what Lallas & Hollmans & Leech & he
& Great at Venice. Ah determined on war.
Clive is writing a letter to the N.S. against
war. War is awful & can be right & then—

NYPL

an argument for which I like him: his generous humanity
Derlike aversion unfavourable heinely: yes: but he is
Derlike of the people's unhappiness too. Yes Ma
is mad — thy Italian negro: but — ah the
Young are frothed up. Very bold. Sat over
the fire. Two nights ago I started reading
Roger. There's all the schoolboy letters to begin on:
whether it were, I don't know. But I think I
can — the boys are in the vineyard, I want to
Climb over & get over chestnuts, but we me —
man my day all together:

Monday
23rd Sept

Reflections on Tom week end: that she has long.
Cant write. That he is more manly: tells a
Long like one who has the right; is broader -
bonier & more wild eyed — long almond
shaped eyes — that he means to write
modern verse plays: that he is ugly confident
altho' young ups Charlotte Lane with
dark Cant negro (Lottie advancing in he
red jacket) he told me that he has no
self confidence: Joyce has: but Joyce is
interminably bored when together. What can
he do when he's finished this book? Perhaps
that why he procrastinates. We dined
at Charlotte: Nina ordered Eleven Grove
having doubled the number thinking of them
halved; Clive. Janet Angelica & Eve. Stately
A- did not remember her part. We
walked. Long silences. Bruce Richmond bronded
over the week end. His week end: his return
Country Gentleman way: port hock bedroom
Candles: & Tom likes
Young Thorn: is magnificently accepting new
Experiences. Like, more than we do. reluctantly
went to Temple at 8 on Tuesday: a wet
morning: the head one of woman may to

NYPL

another in the churchyard, "And she was lying in bed with a
stillborn child beside her." But he did his
duty. A very nice man, Tom: I'm very fond of
Tom, - at least not much knocked off my
bench by him. That is, not as I was when he
came here. I was writing Jacob Room. Now he
can't much disturb the plan, though he makes
me feel that I want to write a play.

Monday
Sept.
26th

Why is this — that is the first scene with Judy. Nag fit
in the bedroom. the most difficult I have ever
written! Wrenched horribly it is, I rather suspect,
Degas. It a very fine day. Two buggers
with brooms such are moving up & down the
river. We were in London yesterday. And
London is in full swing. "The Aby Statesman
have mobbed!" Ejaculations are substituted
Lady to another in the bus. And the
other says "That was in the paper yesterday."
A great warm in Regents where I went to
buy a case for my Roger notes. In future
I shall write in more heat books. I go
about these dwelling pages. Mabel had a
very nice lunch. I watched the men in
Tch Sqre eating on the pavement. They
are having the road up with a drill.
They eat with the point of the knife. They
have lunch wrapped in newspaper.
They warm some drink in a bucket.
They have a heart and have all.
But then I work my brain, I pay to
myself. Behold it. Miss went
Travelling. Our last day up. Very
glad to get back here. But the boys
are making a venture in the field
We pray for a few days hence.
Now 2 men want to come tomorrow to
discuss the WEA at Rodmell. This
must be madness. I had a certain
amount of row with Keynes about
the L. party & the Lewes

NYPL

Yesterday I saw the kingfisher again on the river. It flies across & across, very near the surface. It has a bright orange chocolate underside. And it is a tropical bird, utterly unrelated to the bank. Then I have also seen a stoat — brown with a white tipped tail. Yesterday I went to Mogsey Poke, back to the river — L. met me with Sarah, who won't walk with me. Her love of cream — & I read the Lovers' Melancholy & skimmed the top of the words. I want to go on reading them melt away — beautiful hard words. remote. Not Mr Sandal, who is silly, Egoistic, stuffy, — very conventional I am shocked to find Rodmell patched on to these pages.

2nd Copy.

Yesterday we went to the L.P. meeting at Brighton, & ag come, which I have vowed to do again this morning. I am so thrown out of my stride that I can't catch on to the years again. Why? The immediate is all that energy & fuss obliterates something that is otherwise yet. No, that not got it. It was very dramatic: Bevin's attack on Lansbury. Tears came to my eyes as L. spoke. And yet he was posing I felt. acting, unconsciously the battered Churchill man. Then Bevan two armed & inflexible. He sank his head in his vast shoulders till he looked like a tortoise. Lord L. not to do hamstring his conscience. And whatever my duty as a human being! The women delegates were very their voices & unbecoming. On Monday one read, then time we sat up waiting up. A then frail portrait. but genuine. a letter

TYPL

and piping - but what chance against all this weight
of wool kept in beer - when the men took? All very
vivid & interesting - but overlapping: too much
rhetoric, & what a partial view: altering the
structure of society: yes, but when is altered?
Who I trust Bevan to produce a good world,
when he has his equal rights? Had he been
born a duke - My sympathies were with
Salter who preached non-intervention. His strict
right. What would her view - But then
if society is in its present state? Happily,
uneducated & voteless, I am not responsible for
the state of society. There are some of the
memoirs that go round my head, & distract me
from what is, after all, my work. A good
thing to have a day of distraction - 2 days even -
but not 3. Wednesday yes: I can really
write. However I wish make myself when I'm
done this - add the moment possibilities of
my mind to sustain impressions: how?
Prick them in & let them twist about.
And how far does anybody's single mind or
work matter? Organise all to be
spy and in - altering the structure of society?
Lowes said this morning the Mud guild
enjoyed doing Lear, was sorry we were
going. That's a thing a world lover in its way
And yet I can't deny my share of fashioning
sentences. And yet - - - L. has gone
there, & I daresay I'll discuss it with him:
He says politics ought to be separate from
art. Men walked on the world
over the marsh, & disturbed me. The tactic
was my head rarely twists. Yes, two forced to
write. But a good thing to be two tired
for that reason, memoirs forgotten, now
& then. I will do some Roger.

NYPL

Oct 15th

Seen:
Jane
Walther:
Jean
Sandals:
Nena.
Clive
Helen.
Duncan.
been to
Richmond
Park
(saw
snake by
the
Serpentine)
Concert.
Saw
Moyes.
Bob &
Ethel Williams.
Lashed to
Steak at
Rowe
Lunch.
Read
all early
R- letters
noted them.
also library
books: also
Keats: also
MSS.

Since we came back I have been in such just
flush, with Jean all the morning, Roger between
tea & dinner, a walk, & Nessa, that here's a
blank. And I only stamp Roger this every
because I wore a hole in my back yesterday;
Couldn't write this morning; a most jolly
receive Mrs Groucher (to dictate a book on
women & fascism – a pure Lancaster accent
would say) in 10 minutes. So I had ten
10 days of calm full complete bliss.
And thought how I shall hate it. Now
bet. London is just dog comfortable. I find
my dinner cooked for me. No cheques
screaming. And the sense of Leipzig
ahead, Easter strongly (this betrayed out today)
& the Jean. Three days I set into wild
Excitement over The Next War. Well I say
the result of the L.P. at Brighton was
the breaking of that dam between me &
the new book, so that) conduit vent
darling off a Chaplin: stopped mud; but have
all to develop – the long road. I think –
as soon as I get time? And I plan to
do this sometime this next spring, when
I can accumulate Roger. This
does devour is by the way perfect. I wonder
if ever but as it happens – some book or
work by a book that suits the other
side of the brain between times. It's the
only way of stopping the wheels making
them turn the other way. to my great
refreshment. Those improvements. Alas,
now for Sussex.

NYPL

Wednesday
16th Oct.

What I have discovered in writing the Years is that you can only get comedy by using the surface layer — for example, the scene in the terrace. The Question is Can I get at quite different layers by bringing in music & painting together with certain Grouping of human beings. Then is what I want to try for in the raid scene: to keep Going 4 influencing each other: the picture: the music, & the other direction — the action — I mean character telling a character — while the movement (that is the charge of feeling on the raid goes on) continues.

Eyford, in this book I have discovered that there must be contrast: one Station, a longer Can be developed interestedly, as I did I expect in the Waves, without harm to the others. Thus a kind of form is, I hope, imposing itself. Corresponding to the dimensions of the human being: one should be able to feel a wall made out of all the influences: & then round in the last Chapter close round them all the party so that you feel that while they go on individually it has completed them. But I haven't yet got at this — I'm doing Crosby — an upper air scene this morning. The rest of your form is to another room, this to prove that this is the right sequence for me at any rate. I'm enjoying the sequence. without that strain I find in the Waves.

NYPL

Tuesday
Oct 22 W

I am again held up in the train by my accursed love of talk. That is to say, I talk to Rose Macaulay from 4 to 6:30: to Elizabeth Bowen from 8 to 12. I have a dull heavy but not unmade my brain restless, I am a prey to every idea, and that (as for example that I let P. Quennell misrepresent me & never contradicted him) do I have that hideous book – Sat, Martin in Hyde Park – I spent the morning typing out Rogers memoirs – This is a most admirable dedatur – refresher. I work, I always had it at hand. Two days ago what nerve is my prescription: but rest is hard to come by. I think I shall spare all quotations & chatter parties, till I'm done. Could stand by by Christmas! For instance, if I go to Edith Sitwell's Cocktail thing I shall only pick up some gossip, hatred picture: I shall forth myself into shallows: & there'll be the whole smoothing & ferreting to begin again. But after the Years is done then I shall go everywhere: & explore every cranny to the light. As it is, who doesn't come here? Every day this week I must talk. But in my own room I'm happier, I think. So I write now, glad finally to begin the Bridges letters, & perhaps begin to arrange all Helen's tangled mass.

NYPL

Sunday
Oct 27th

Gedream birthday, it strikes me. Shd we asked him to
Dine. No, I will not harry this book. I'm
going to let every scene shake fully & fairly in
my hands, before sending it to be typed, even
if it has to wait another year. I wonder
why time is always allowed to harry one.
I think it rather good this morning. I'm
doing Kellys party. And in spite of the
terrific crash on my impatience — never have
I held myself back so drastically — I'm
enjoying this writing more fully, with less
strain & ~~effort~~ — what the word? I mean it
gives me more natural pleasure than the
other. But there such a pressure of
other books kicking their heels in the hall
it's difficult to go on very slowly.
Yesterday we walked across Kenwood
to Highgate & looked at the 2 Libra ad
Fry tower. That where Roger was born.
saw the poplars & began with that
scene. Yes. That took shape also. Then
there my next was — what a way moment
becomes absolutely wild, like being hammered to a
shark; — I dash off scene after scene. I
think I must do it directly the year is
done. Suppose I finish the year in
Jan: then begin dash all the War (
a chapter I call it) in six weeks:
& do Roger next summer!
This a grey dim windy day: I walked
along the Euston Rd. was healed by it then
Home; Came back, did Roger — P's letter; & I'm
furious with Ellis Roberts who has told me
PEN I wish to be elected.

NYPL

Wednesday
30th Oct.

By way of a symptom – just because reaching for a book, I opened my Yeats at What are we to do, & read the first page. Cannot settle to the green case by dint of severe prodding. My mind is in a mere flood of desire to be at that argument. Is it true that this was, I suppose, suggested by having Miss White – nice not very deeply intelligent – but fresh, with a prominent nose, & eyes that subtly changed from hard to soft – to tea: (a New Zealander; has taken a doctor's; has been ranging about the world in Cargo steamers; now lives in a flat at Hampstead Highgate,) – then Mrs Lyd, & Adrian & William to dinner. So that no doubt my nerve tension is lowered – tongue slightly. Anyhow, here is my hour for reading Roger – a tiresome lady. Good lady had MS – wanted in mind spinning – Any fine October day. Went to Peace conference, by way of a joke, Galsbury, & saw several baboon faced intellectuals: also some yearning rat, green dung nosed nefsenes, walking like chimpanzees bright eyed & then cocoa nut brows to try to make sense of our pale white platitudes. I took some notes: walked across the green Park; bought a little Italian frame for 7/6 the woman said (what dear) had 5/) ? Can trust you – yes, for two days – and if you don't pay me, well then bad luck to you." Go home just in time to put bacon in the

WYPL

even for Miss White, who said, Oh but you see this isn't just visiting a publisher. This seeing two famous people" & she stayed getting more at her ease, till 6.30. Then my Grey (3 vols.) had come; but I had no time to cut it, for at 8 the party began. They stayed till 12.45. And then Lyd couldn't get her mother's new car to start, & A. forgot his keys, & came back to find them. A. very spruce, lively, witty. Love her all when other people are there. I have an impression that he is far more social than he was - staying away with the Lintotts. Mrs L. rather tw[illegible] 'dressed' in red plush, with one jewel, & dark hair. Not clear cut enough about the nose, legs, a little touched with the Lyd, I mean the professional scribbler, Recently, Walpole trenchant. He said that Square now goes about wont do anything drinks, has deserted Lady S. in a small ugly house in Hampstead, being no longer the old country gentleman, but merely what he was originally - that is a scallywag. Mind) rubbed all rubbed away by his scribbling - if he ever had one, which I denies. Now today we have to go to tea with Mrs W: tomorrow Clives lunch: then M. H. & a meeting in the schoolroom: & on Monday I have to go to the B.B.C. out of sheer curiously to hear a record. which) have no intention of rubbishing B answer from the P.E.N. I must note that not to be answered is far more crushing than to be answered. Even more than the usual shower of Anti-Fascist leaflets. I do up, I said that the Americans demand that I shall table at their Expense

NYPL

Friday. 1st Nov:

Now again I pay the penalty of missing last fiction: Cant concentrate on the Yeats. I have a sense that one cannot control this terrible fluctuation between the 2 worlds. Take the past days: Mrs. Bennett touching me on the shoulder in Kensington Gardens- "She is Virginia" A shocking ultra brightened fat a spectacle- Firing off bombs: but dont like the explosion. We talk about the name 'Virginia' & emerge from the Lavatory. We go to Mrs W. weight: Flora there; in come the Howes. Mrs H. has Collected 100 seals (Stan: not anemal) at Caledonian market. A good day when she only spends a penny: has sometimes to spend 2/- What for? Her only stimulus- Collecting stan seals. Mrs. H. walks. Off home. Ethel Sands asks me to see the Baroness Nostetz. Have to ring up & arrange to be back at 4.30. Cant get her. Lunch with Clive. Jerrard & Cheetahel. Conversation about Lottie & Dottie. We each Sketched different characters; Lottie Pickerels- Oh dear no, said Jerrard, how sad, This amazed them the less I cant order them- Oh to Lottie Jerrard talking about Lord Bernard Sappho Ket. No. You shall not waste your time on it. Lunch. "I've been talking about Lytton," Jerrard said. C. becomes emotional. Can we put up a tablet to Francis. Saint, poet. But whom! Gerrard then! do we like monuments! Yes. the rep- Clive chivalrously agrees. Then, Jerrard

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began to talk to Dermod, early, about Santayana's
book. C. chose it: went mad in the day
Angelo's letter, (which I had read in Emily's
book) This finished the lunch.
(And) boys that Ka came the night before.
altered Laa, & as usual determined to
assert her dignity by importance & her voice
value. so that we spent all the time
trotting out acquaintances & honour-
ing the door whenever the steps from
Cornwall) When home: Lady Howard.
The Baroness de L: then up to May,
because she was hunting the telephone
that we hadn't written: Rothschild,
Aldous Huxley: more talk: Hickey at the end:
A. Lay all this opening anti-F. rumpus -
more chatter chatter: got off on
biology: Victor had a copy? Grey
for Pope: in red volume - I don't like that
way of both buying & to home to tea
& we Cantoreen wait then - Ramsey
speaks: Gabriel Hird: among
us a war - not a patch on the other
though - I must draw in further
last lap. would my friend) allow

WYPL

In Sunday
5th No

a Thursday yesterday: a Thursday of the year 1935
when we are on the eve of the Duke of Gloucester's
wedding: of a general election: of the Fascist
revolution in France: & in the thick of the
Agatha man: & being mild warm November
weather; : at 2.30 we went to the
B.B.C. & listened to some incomparable twaddle
& a Schoolboy which the B.B.C. regards fine to
imitate (a good idea, all the same, if one were pre-)
with all the resources of the B.B.C. behind one:
real railway trains: real orchestras: news:
wars: home & foreign news) at 3. we
reach Woolwich Arch: a loudspeaker proclaiming
the return of literature, the Princess Louise
having just declared the show open: said
that books are our best friends. There we
met old Strachey Rose Macaulay, beaming
about, like a cat a hawking about, & finds;
Gerald Duckworth, covered with small prickly
red squares, as if he had fallen on his face in
a bramble bush; Ethel Smyth; & so out:
home: at 5.15. telephone: the Baroness
Horsley has arrived early; with us see her
now: up the corner: a monolithic
broad faced Hindenburg; bulky: Cant
fetch a out of my chair: say Jenny is
the belle for Hitler — so they say:
but you know I'm not a politician: I want to
hear young men to lecture on Cyclists
Touring; has a rather hard, domineering
mechanical eye; slow, steadily, must
have been a beauty; Shakespeare:
conversation: then a card: in comes the
Indian: stays till 7.30. was turned

NYPL

entering a carriage in Regent
That an Indian! the lady cried
If you don't go, I shall kick you.
He jumped out, hastily into breeches,
as the train was going 15 miles an
hour. Libensky, Jester. A fool who
shot at the Governor. Hatred of the
British rule. Nick, a better Man than
Nana. Mr. is paying them fare.
hotel bills in order to get them to
side with him: Gen are on all
the Rebel—will be kicked out.
And now Mogen says up—what about
Jule Romain?, will you meet him.
May I lunch to dinner the French
Queen. And so we go on.
Another Specimen day.

Sunday Nov.
10th

Specimen days have somewhat relayed later in
the week. I seem to recall some walks—a great deal
of rain: the Ds, Mrs Gloucester driving
through the Sqre.: the bright sky: the like long: I
then I met the royal coach simply I noted this
white bottoms of the postilions: the rather
sheepish look of the footmen late in the
daylight. all dressed up. Then. Last night
there was Dog Lewis at the Bach show. a
man who makes queer talk: very nervous
actor just: with pleased eyes: a nice dexterous
young man: but I think it would have
been better read, his speech. all poets are
misfits & therefore want communion
with the common people. As good
deal about the Trench: some bits in
him: to explain them drove to write

NYPL

not here poetry but —? What exactly is poetry that is past the desire to communicate with the common people? Political poetry? Certainly it is not easy memory wordsworth poetry. Turhead & the Leech gatherer the tank is poison gas. Yes - too much theory: his letter felt I think a too much public speaking. But then if he wants to be in touch with the common people he must talk at Bookshows. Not very anxious I think to draw with us, for which I liked him. The usual hungry scramble of literary jeals: poor red scrawny faced Palmer. Roe again hawking round the area railings for scraps. To dine at Genaro - not very good: to N. Gallery the Cold movers - not very good: a home in the cold
A letter from Bruce R. asking me to write more leaden: from Joe, asking me to write for the Listener. And I say we are going to have a very lean year at the Pen. I must consider many gein for a moment — how not to make too much or too little. Soon.

Monday
18th Nov.

Our election week end was not a wild more
personally. I was silly thought – why go to
Patcham in pouring rain? Even if I didn't
stay in London & hear Ethel's Carl, and I wished
it was foolish to have 2½ hours tapering
in the violent wind & wet to Rodmell.
A wild grey wheels sea, & so many ships
all the time, as we passed it. To take up the
workmen who are building at Peacehaven.
So a headache next day: & this money a threat.
Jazz held up & damped down. Her mind
Quentin, home last night, from headache: –
have to dine with Raymond & go to
Aldous party tonight.
It struck me this I have now reached a
further stage in my writing advance. I see
that there are 4? dimensions: all to be
produced: in human life: & that leads to
far richer grouping & proportion:
I mean:): & the not): & the ends & the
means – no I'm too tired to say: but
see it: when will affect my book &
Roger. Very exciting: the slope on like
this. New combinations in
Psychology & books – rather like
painting. Then will be the
next novel, after the Years.

NYPL

Thursday
Nov. 21st

Yes, but these after all scenes set two thin: Reflection after a moment's study: Edward in Richmond. At first there such a relief though after the other that one sets down. Plain ahead. The thing is to take it sensibly: go back: & rub out detail: too many points made: too jerky, as if one were talking 'at'. I want to keep the underdrift & the sense of things coming over & over again: yet changing. Must what's to do. Artificial. To combine the two.

Last night I was woken at one, by a man shouting above my window. Quack in German under his window. Right me to tell the police! Think I was a drunken undergraduate.

Ogden on dinner at Raymond's with Aldous & the subconscious horribly I always feel them, I'm facing the fact that my next book, Potemkin, the next war, will need some courage. 2 million women all longing for men. Aldous said. Raymond smirked with his little hard squeak, that men were now unfairly treated: have to maintain a wife. Then went on to Albany. Party for the German theyre married to the postman - for £50. I talked to Craigie Bob Nichols, shed my hand pressed & the rather bored fat avid placid intense Naomi, who wants to come & see us.

Nov. 22nd.

The two old ladies sitting round the tea table at Aubrey House last night made me think of a nest of little rats - ugly. One got up. Mrs Bridges more pointed than the other. Regularly she's like Lady Fry. Old Mrs? poor tea; deaf; Carpenter; and smoked when Q. Rachel brings out both about Aubrey House. It's a 17th Century house, like a college, with a quadrangle & trees. Long 18th Cent. brothers won: all shining: with the Dutch pictures collected by Mr Alexander. "In this room there were gathered together the first petitions for Women's Rights. John Stuart Mill carried it to Parliament. The Peter Taylors had their home. We've had it for 60 years" Some joke about one of the sisters not being yet 60 Three boxes of cigarettes. "My nephews" I sat over log fire with Mrs B. who said the coat with B. used to have a Brog. He used to put his feet on the mantelpiece, say "Now I'll write a letter" did it just in pencil & then ink. Used to keep his straight out. Roger very sensitive. And to lay with them. a Bloomsbury friendships. did not know his wife - the wore a check skirt - not at my ease with her - sorry about the enamel over the pictures R. minded me much - Well I've really nothing to tell you - Stay & bowls at Fgland - may one play bowls Father? Robert wants to - R-ankley Lee Edwards permission.

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Nov. 27th

Two many Sundays - so I can't write. Let
Heaven help me, have a feeling that I've reached
the no man's land that I'm after; & can pass from
earth to mere. & inhabit eternity. A queer
very happy free feeling, such as I've not had
at the finish of any other book. And the two is -
prodigious long one! To what does it mean?
But oh my Wednesdays. Sunday Ray for tea;
June at the hotel with Mrs W: Course she
Course, all had; to heroes: the & Dunbar alone
with new cat, Ruff: Monday. to the ~~Stat Hall~~
Francks: rather lost my head, too tired to think;
Settle my mind; Mrs Edith Stephen & Jane:
Sally Glover Helen (for an afternoon) Wednesday;
Stephen Tom & Edith Hale (Boston) Lee: no.
Black edged card handed me - Oh & no.
Letter. ah round. Dyer: 3 hours
work. I annoyed. no more - lost time &
read & can't write: & Shall send to Ha,
& Mrs Lemon tomorrow. Why can't
Jet just get all! Just happened
Person - And now for 30 min of
Roger Willis & Helen that vast
sparkling dust heap: the last do for:
but had to dig out & had to represent
I must read & read & work on the moment
of Memmahon. Cold frosty weather.
Dry throat & ache. & runny.

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another talk this morning: can't get the start of the last chapter right. What wrong I don't know. But I needn't hurry. And the main thing is to let ideas flow freely. I come joyfully home. And must be two emphatic of course to stop Dragon with the middle of a new character is difficult: North: & I'm a little exasperated: meant to have great week. Have Nelly C. & Nan Hudson both asking to come: I write I ring up: & Nan has a Turkish friend. But I work and must be worked. NB.

Wed: 4th Dec

I must take 10 — as 5 minutes off before going up, & from reading Roger to Helen. I read & read & the packet hardly lessens, & I think of love, & L. & me; & the different lives. Yesterday day Lewis wrote that her agent advises him to have us for a Lawyer from, as he must make money. This case revives the question of the Pen-once again, once again. We both had walking at Caen Wood Yesterday, but will now decide on a date. Stop it. Go-reading Roger I want to be free to travel as he was: free of MSS. Yet how King am books! & shall we try to hand it on to an intelligent Youth? I rather doubt if such exist, & able to run it alone. Then we moved still be tied. Raining. A long peaceful Sabbath day Yesterday: walk: alone: Romeo-Juliet in the even How fresh, rich, various coloured- & then think the pale New England morality murder

Dec. 10th

I am have only 3 minutes before the clock strikes. – not much pain left. I read my hour & half hour reading Peges to Helen – that explains. And next year I shall have a loose leaf book. So many people again. Nelly Cecil yesterday. I like her. Better than Colefax who cut me for Madame d'Estayer. That a joke. Clare intends to pretend it – not that it will never mind. I have promised to deliver the goods by 15th Feb. And had a bad morning's work in consequence. And again, may Fisher tonight. But if I want more time, I shall take it. I'm not time's fool – no. Save that I must be up to lunch – Strange waste of a typical day, doubting were on me. Then I thought very sad again – dinner with Clare – what there stuff we talk compared with what we used to talk. And then people pay dear to dont walk. Clare hopping on her canary perch: very silent. L. two. Forgot stall for Jan. pretty stuff – amare ugly.

Dec. 11th

It went all right last night, on the whole. Mary has bright rather beautiful eyes; but her lips are thin, & her nose too pronged. But she has all the confidence of the world of matters & Cabinet ministers: rather a mercy. Gordon more dreaded. But the pigeons were tough. Helen, Alix after dinner. Talk of Lear, of Huxley: of Then Chatter the other: till L. got silent. Letter from Sybil. Carefully composed her, about a fortune woman in Piccadilly wanting to cut her about bedroom curtains at 5.30. I wonder the thanks it work while. And I think reply. Fill up.

Saturday
Dec. 14th

Dinner last night with the Hunleys: not altogether a sparkler. Julian & his wife, whom I did not recognise, but later understood from his Eyebrows &c. who he was. A very Cheery I don't know why which him Jack, man. Jolly & Scrape a information; & the same Glee & news that Aldous has - the same vivacity - but less sympathetic - And I guess that they par- Julian. Juliette. She would have his very- about politics: he berated her. But Marcia & I talked agin Rome, about Lotte Wolff - did I say I'd spent 2 hours over their Dutch watery table under the black lamp being analysed! That was the evening Morgan rang up & said he had to have an operation: & I was very gloomy, in my funeral way, going to Piccadilly in the better cold. & walking down Regent St. by mistake. Then Morgan died, with us - had a letter private talk with L. Aldous he feels he may die. Naturally. & Aldous has a man in Switzerland however who does the operation from behind, & it's over, & the patient cured in a day. Aldous in great flow: says London is getting on well with his novel: & then gets sympathetic. He has a sense of the suffering & wish & the insanity of the world! Had been getting Bryan summer to subscribe towards the Peace: who sets 2 doors off us. Starving under his purple robes. Cheeks sunk: Pontual Harvey Aldous read in a room & the flat & some people who teach Arabian. And he led us down the long Gallery to the Cab.

Monday
& 16th Dec.

a question, how to do Hogarth. Why not begin at the end with Le Mar: a whole day: - then work backwards: give the elements in combination in action, first: & then trace them - first specimen day, all through his life.
Le Mar: the magazines - his cooking: the colour. the market: the flesh woml: garden - cart back to childhood Greek. Then Cambridge Then America: - then in. Then the end.
Now terrified I'm getting up Ethel dressed dennis tomorrow! It makes a kind of ring round my mind. What I'm to wear: my velvet a clutter: then my hair. when I'm there it'll be as easy as shelling peas - why this apprehension? Wolff never laughed on that bitter way. Sally Graves to tea: stayed till 7. Resolute cornered mind. defiant rather. balanced: pleased: she's to wait in Jerusalem. told me I'm afraid by the Graves' in the new magazine said the Mag was laughable - said she was going to Paris: & I asked her: but not effusively. two clever: too young. All in black. on the defensive. Now Bow Well to lunch - Hoped Saturday - Rubber cushion I can do typing.

Wednesday
Monday
18th Dec.

I've had a bad morning at the year. a feel it work wrong all at the end. Must I think because I had to see M. at Holland Park - Mend my morning airy cary afternoon - the cry soother of my tired head. So started making up in bed: so tired: & have to dine with Jean tryst: & Ethel S. rings up at 3.30 inviting herself to lunch. Phone Jo - we shall set off on Friday: & dear do Morgan has his operation tomorrow. A cold fine day.

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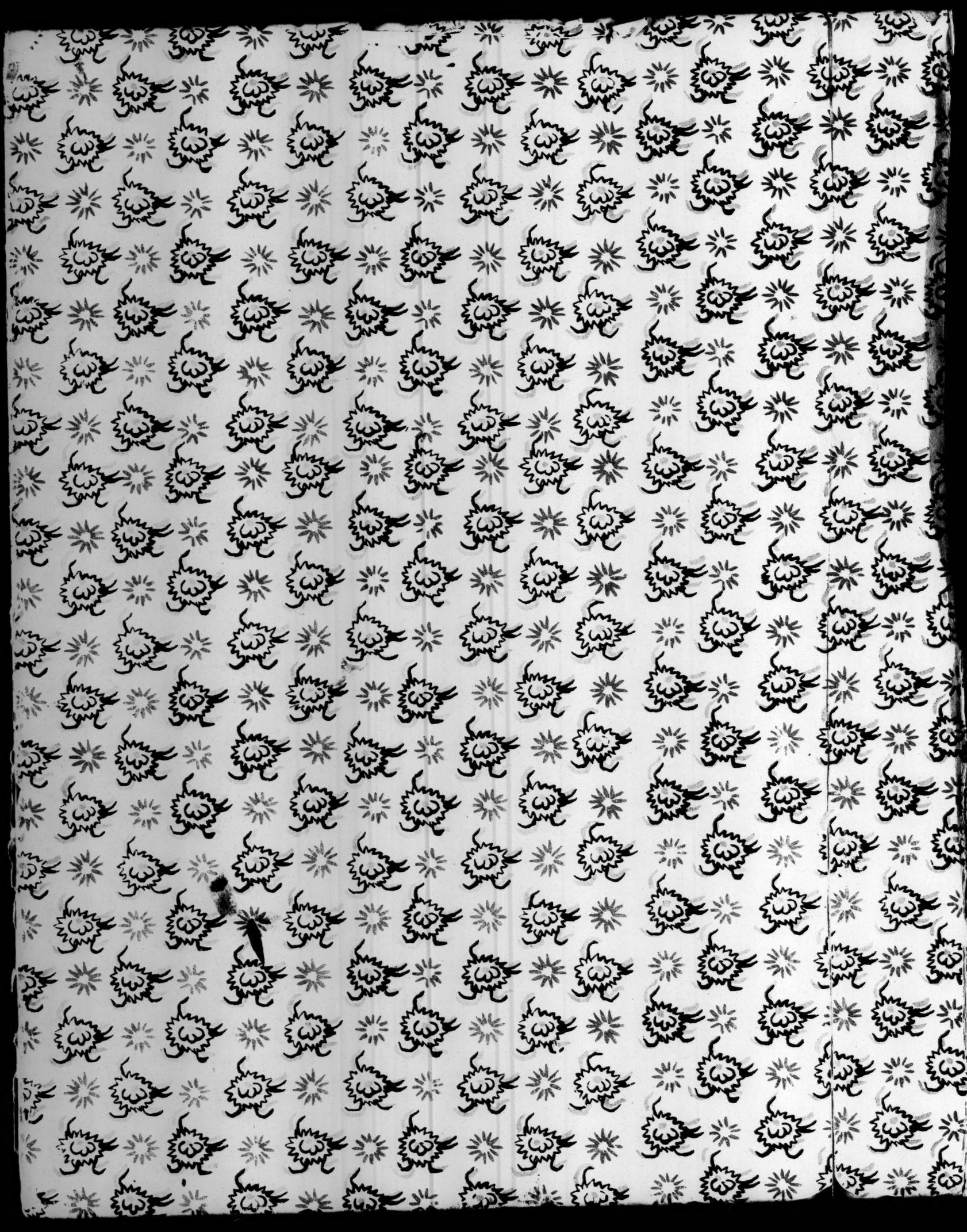
Thursday Dec.
19th

Dinner last night: the Brea Richmonds; the Macleans; Leigh Ashton, & a sprinkling of elderly bachelors. Not a symptom of alarm in it — only the horrid before hand discomfort — hair down — voice lowered — & letting out on Lord And B.R — was the upper & lowest of the Lot. & Archie Sprotts. plum pudding faced: & much relieved — Elena almost choked to extinction — untouched for sheer idea-lessness & silent; rough faced: oh so commonplace — we are so elderly: & not a shark or a twinkle: & rather spare dinner: & at 11 everyone got up, — the car hadn't come. And it was [illegible] Crowd London in Evening Dress — this is wrong..

Friday 20th Dec.

"It became one changes ones value" here a Lord last night, when we discussed why we don't paint a whole ark a dinner party. And that's true. But only we don't know how to live. She can't paint after a party. Can't get back into those proportions. Worse for women, because they have to be more active at parties: have to throw themselves into it. We won't go anywhere now where they make us dress. The best they about our historic such as this — that we can see anyone we want here on our own terms. The hell went on raging. Tut. Popkin: Clive & Benita — ask by appointment to see some documents in duplicate room. And he had stuck up a notice saying Out Flossy had to come courteously to say Mr Popkin rang his out. Tell Popkin to go in. Then Helen. And I was not ready for her, ah — she felt — (tiny disgrace) & got one up went. And Nina had chosen a nice rug. And had had her Landers Soup made by them. And this must be the Last entry in this book.

because we are just about to go to Rodmell for Christmas.